THE MUSE RESENTS THE SOAPBOX . . . By Jacques Barzun

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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"TEN YEARS IN JAPAN"
by Joseph C. Grew
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe

"THE USE OF PRESIDENTIAL POWER, 1789-1943"
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"AMERICA UNLIMITED"
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"THE WAY OUR PEOPLE LIVED"
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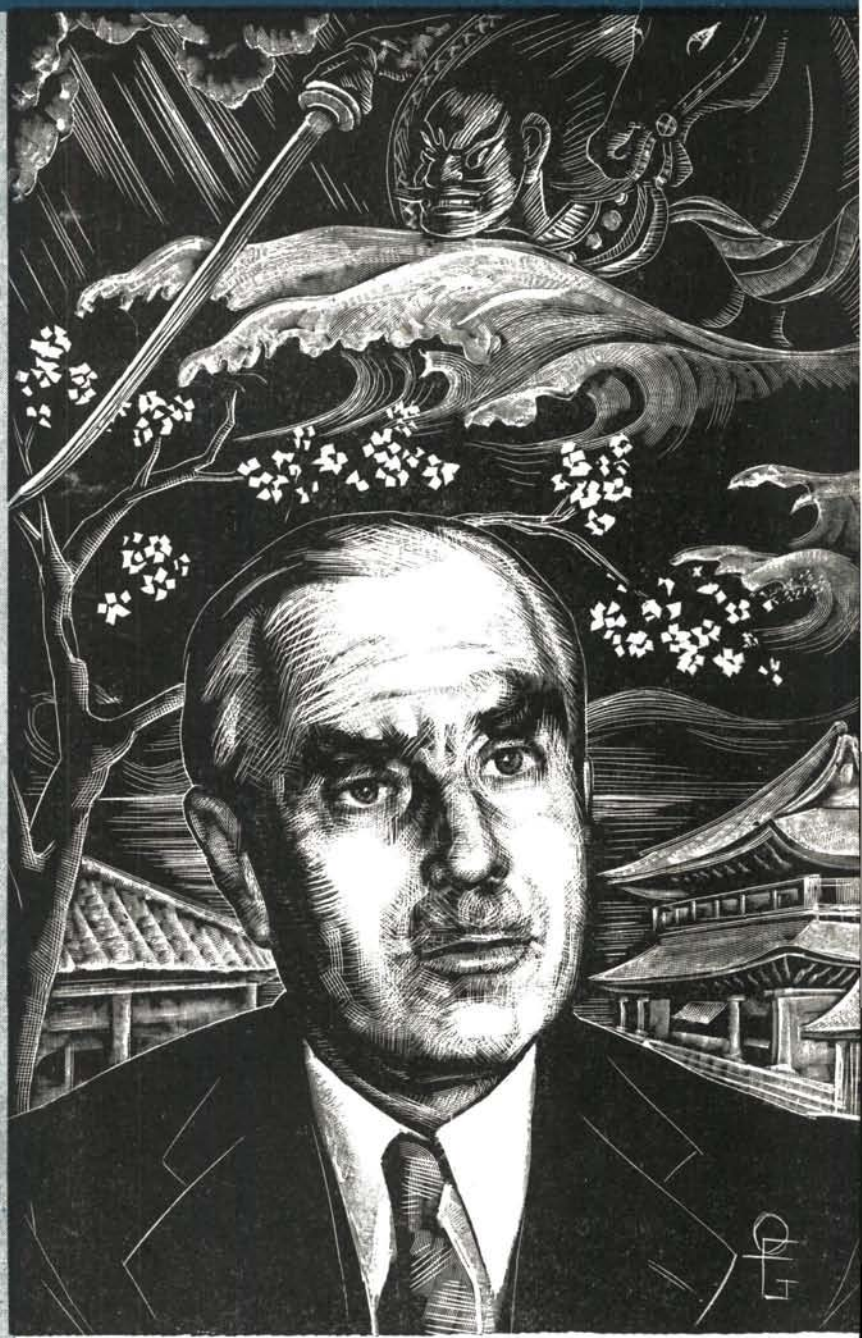
CHICAGO INTERLUDE
by Bennett Cerf



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JOSEPH C. GREW watched Japanese medieval militarism and power politics at work. (See page 7)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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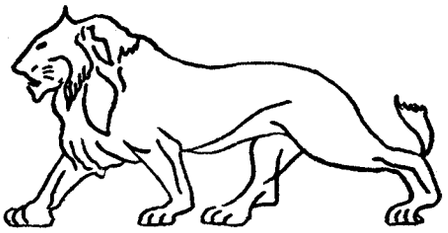

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The Muse Resents the Soapbox

More a Matter of Habit than of False Dignity

JACQUES BARZUN

THE school reformers are again on the warpath. They want more teaching of American history, so as to make better citizens and safeguard our national future. They ask that textbooks be rewritten and teachers better trained. Meantime, adult citizens, lacking the benefits of these improvements, try to steady their souls by reading endless books that decide on historical grounds what the present signifies and the future holds in store.

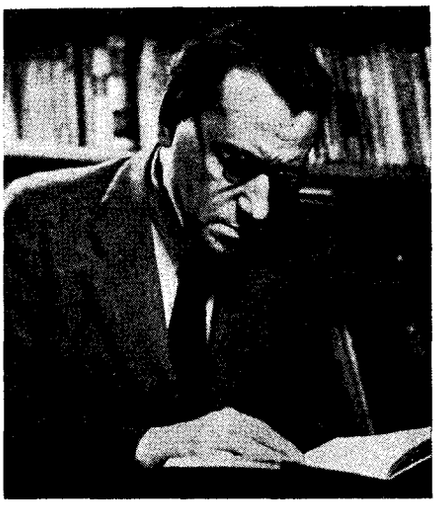
Yet much of this concern has to do with history only in name. It is not historical in spirit. It shows no curiosity about the past and no desire to be informed. It is pure jitters. We used to believe that the people of the Middle Ages prepared themselves for the end of the world in the year One Thousand, but I doubt whether any Doomsday fever of that time can compare with the mock conscientiousness we have developed about what we call the future of civilization. Perhaps if we get safely past the year Two Thousand, we shall tire out the prophets, but it is more likely ourselves who will get tired first. Observe the effect upon yourself. What do you feel at each new "Revolution of This" and "Future of That?" "It's dreadful!" you say somewhat absentmindedly. "Cartels will inherit the earth." The next week you read that the world belongs to the Common Man, to Russia, to the United States, to the Assistant Managers. You pass on, registering simply another new ("and provocative") thesis. But of history you know no more than formerly, and your historical sense, which should be kept alive to diversity, has been deliberately flouted in an attempt to give you "the dope."

One reason why all this soaking up of history leaves us so dry of historical emotion is surely a literary one. The school directors who want the textbooks rewritten have a sound instinct. Only, their slogan should be: "No more textbooks." For it is clear enough that what kills history at the root is the textbook, with its anonymous drone, excessive subdivision, routine adjectives, and condescending manner. Everything in it has the same flavor: it is the archetype of the "bald and unconvincing narrative."

When we graduate from the textbook, it is to take up the "significant survey," and here again, whether out of respect to our textbook minds or to some ideal of scientific method, we are given so little that is fresh and concrete, so little taste of human conflict and disorder, indeed so little *story,* that it is no wonder we remain untouched and unenlightened. Rather, we are narcotized, by the prose and the form, against any possible attack of historical insight.

To cite but one example, how can the layman resist the modern cant, so insanely reiterated, that confusion —a confusion of "principles" and "forces"—overtook mankind only yesterday? The "crisis"—not *a* crisis but *the* crisis—began in 1914 or 1929 or with the German election of '33. Writers with the longest hindsight discover the start of all trouble in the French Revolution or the Protestant Reformation. Up to that point, mother and child were doing well—History was rational and her off-spring, Man, was still a good boy.

I maintain that to make such a fantasy plausible and pass it off as history, it is necessary to appeal to certain "educated" stereotypes, to write in a certain way, and to think about the past by means of certain words. It is not a matter of accuracy,



Eric Kahler

though this has its importance; it is first of all a matter of art.

This was my state of mind when I took up Mr. Erich Kahler's sizable survey called "Man the Measure: a New Approach to History."* Finding that the author quite legitimately began with "The Basic Problem of our Time"—the "crisis" occurs on his first page and goes back to the nineteenth century—I decided that I would put my hypothesis to the test by reading the book twice, each time with a different object in view. The attractive type and format of the book, the sound binding and light paper, made this resolve all the easier. I accordingly skimmed over the brief introduction that explains the author's thesis and began comfortably with Primitive Man on page thirty. I read on to the end as if the book were purely a narrative of human failures and successes, yielding in retrospect a variety of designs—cultural, economic, political, and religious. Enjoying myself all the while, I paid only a passing attention to the thesis when it cropped out in longer or shorter disquisitions.

FROM this reading I rose refreshed, enlightened, and pleased with my author. Here, clearly, was a man of wide reading, interested in man's doings from the cave carvings to the Atlantic Charter, and capable of setting down what he knows of European history. He selects with an eye to the striking, even the picturesque; quotes deftly, and has a passion for the etymology of names, which he uses with excellent effect. When he is reflecting on a moderate slice of his subject he is full of suggestive comparisons, which he flashes upon you by a word or a phrase—as when he distinguishes Machiavelli from the Fascists by saying that *they* have "fused with their own hoax."

He can, moreover, handle masses of fact with that kind of controlled lyricism which is the true historian's art. The pages on the rise of France as a nation form but one instance of his success. The sources of Christianity, the career of St. Paul, the pre-

*MAN THE MEASURE. By Erich Kahler. New York: Pantheon Books. 700 pp. $5.

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Reformation heretics, the role of the Teutonic Knights, the destiny of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns—all these opportunities for balancing generality with concrete fact, Mr. Kahler rises to and turns to our profit. He is, in truth, very sensitive to faiths and usually able to render in words their power to move men. He is less happy with art, which he reduces to a list of labels, but he makes up for it by being fairly strong on science and excellent in political theory. In short, I could select from "Man the Measure" a series of valuable fragments amounting to a sort of Main Currents of European History.

OF course, Mr. Kahler would rightly object to this vandalism on my part. He could show that it destroys his stake in historiography, since all the portions which I praise as genuine history have value for him only as supports of an overarching meaning, a revelation, which he has been working out for twenty years and whose truth he thinks of immediate import in our lives. "History," he tells us, "is a unity, it has a meaning, and so it has a definite direction." And he goes on to say that if we know the direction we can act more wisely. One is tempted to grant this apocalyptic premise because Mr. Kahler is so modest in introducing it. He calls it an approach, and hints that he may have been overambitious. So it cannot be brashness and complacency that alienated me on reading his book a second time with an eye to doctrine.

It was rather the "operative," not to say gadgeteering, view of history, which I find implicit in his "approach," just as I find it in the flood of prophetic books and in the call for intensified American history. Let me make the position clear. I do not preach "pure" history, nor any given mode of writing it. I have no objection to histories-with-a-purpose, biased histories, aggressive histories, even debunking histories. Something can be learned from all of them; they can be used to correct one another. But for use and for pleasure alike, they must contain the substance of genuine history, and not merely an "approach" to it. There must be a continuous account of something happening through time, and not merely a juggle with the same old (textbook) generalities about Reformation, Renaissance, and Revolution, followed by Capitalism and Karl Marx, and winding up with Nietzsche and how he wronged a damsel in her teens named Reason.

What I call genuine history would, of course, require a new vocabulary, in the sense of a fresh, personal idiom, vivified by contact with real books and original sources. It would mean a narrative style cleansed of that sick-room odor which comes from ministering to the aches and wants of the reader. So my prescription, which is simply the tradition of the great masters, would ruin the game of prophecy, the manufacture of good citizens, and the pose of "being realistic."

For behind all these is the widespread assumption that Mr. Kahler implicitly adopts: "we students of history give you the facts and you good people—*knowing what you now know*—must become patriots, collectivists, Basic-Englishers, scientific minds, religious converts, or what not." Why? Because history is a unity and goes in a given direction. Mankind is on a track and the stations are marked on the time table. Don't lag behind schedule; take a ticket for the terminus.

Mr. Kahler's variant of this old evolutionary notion consists in the attempt to show that this idea of man, the human quality, has been steadily emerging since ancient times. The human quality is what frees men from the limitation of belonging to a particular group, territory, or faith. Other historians, he feels, have written about individuals and peoples. He writes of men's becoming aware of themselves as man.

The odd thing is that, according to Mr. Kahler, this emergent humanity stubbed its toe near the beginning of the nineteenth century and we can no longer believe optimistically in its steady progress. Men have always made their own history; now, so to speak, they must make it more than ever. They, or rather we, must be sure to form a *"true collective,"* which is a democratic order reconciling individual with community rights under a planned economy. Mr. Kahler's book ends on the familiar dissonant chord, sounding disparagement of the present over a warning of doom and a promise of better things.

Now what is wrong with this scheme as a mere device for organizing the wild diversity of recorded fact? Is it not also in a great tradition, marked by the names of Hegel, Comte, Buckle, and Winwood Reade? True, but if we

are to regard the framework as a convenience, it must at least sustain itself. Just as the architect's chief care is to avoid a shower of bricks, so the historian must avoid tumbling abstractions. This requirement Mr. Kahler hardly meets. His failure can be seen even in the mannerism that makes him use the word "essentially" over and over again, as if to persuade himself that what he truly sees as green is "essentially" blue. Throughout the book, overlapping and contradiction confound the attentive reader. Take the main theme of man's view of himself as it appears in successive chapters:

> Greek philosophy is not what we call philosophy today . . . its point of view is still essentially religious. . . . The Greeks were the first to take the step from religion to philosophy. The Roman empire was the ultimate confirmation of that humanizing, individualizing . . . secularizing trend of Greek and Roman history. Plato's Republic was a model Greek *polis* and it was even an essentially aristocratic, almost theocratic one. The Greeks created the temporal community of free and equal citizens . . . they created *democracy*. They also created . . . concept of the human soul, of the inner life of man. . . . Stoicism, a doctrine that proclaimed innate natural rights of every individual, a natural law for all human beings . . . was no longer genuinely Greek at all. . . . Now what is the essential element and achievement of Christianity? . . . [it is that] Man realizes the existence of mankind as a whole and of the human being as such. . . .

THIS is confusing enough, and it comes from the mistaken desire to have "Greek," "Stoic," and "Christian" mean each one thing. Occasionally guarding himself from this error, Mr. Kahler falls into its opposite and utters bare truisms:

> The barbarians lacked all the premises for city life. . . . In the meantime a fundamental change was going on . . . a turning of the tide, a social and mental transformation of far-reaching consequences, not only upon the social structure . . . but, etc. It deprived the territorial powers and their rulers of a social background in their formative period. . . .

These are abstractions both misplaced and floating in air. The generalization is made to serve as the cause of the particulars from which it is drawn, and, again, it is a mere collection of empty words. This weakness is so marked that we are not surprised to find our author trusting to ethnic or racial formulas and multiplying entities with a reckless hand. He neglects geography, virtually ignores the East, and calls political

(*Please turn to page* 30)

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Failure of an American Mission

TEN YEARS IN JAPAN: A Contemporary Record Drawn from the Diaries and Private and Official Papers of Joseph C. Grew, United States Ambassador to Japan, 1932-1942. With photographs. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 554 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

THIS is a glorious book—a book to make Americans proud. When the reviewer was in Japan in pre-Pearl Harbor 1941, he was deeply impressed by our Ambassador's "handling of delicate tasks in a difficult situation"—President Roosevelt's tribute. Here was statesmanship of the first order. But until he got into the pages of this eye-opening record the reviewer could not fully appreciate the high and steadfast purpose, the selfless toil, and the Lincolnesque idealism that went into Mr. Grew's long struggle to keep peace between Japan and the United States.

"Ten Years in Japan" is built around the Tokyo chapter of Mr. Grew's personal diary. On his tenth anniversary as Ambassador to Japan he made an entry about the "final failure of my mission." Neither then nor at any time does he show the faintest trace of bitterness, cynicism, or hatred. He had no use for the word "Jap" or its implications. He had no use, either, as he told Foreign Minister Toyoda, for Old World diplomacy. He "was accustomed to speak with the utmost frankness and straight from the shoulder." He has not tried to square his "patch-work and crazy-quilt" diary with history. He has left its errors in judgment and its apparent inconsistencies—they are amazingly few—just as he entered them.

Here for the first time is told the behind-the-scenes story of the decade of Japanese crises, intrigues, and aggressions that exploded in the tragedy of global war. On November 3, 1941, Ambassador Grew cabled Washington that Japan might strike "with dangerous and dramatic suddenness." The day of the Pearl Harbor blitzkrieg found him still working for peace, unaware that Japanese bombers had turned the Pacific into Armageddon.

Hardly had he heard the official announcement of the outbreak of hostilities than the Tokyo police closed the embassy gates. The veteran crusader for Japanese-American peace was a prisoner of the Japanese. And a prisoner he remained for more than half a year until he boarded the evacuation vessel for home.

This intimate, off-the-record journal is outstanding on many counts. One is the author's clear, objective, authoritative outline of Japanese-American relations during his Tokyo mission. His masterly analyses of the Manchurian aggression, the *Panay* sinking, the "Chinese incident," the German-Japanese alliance, and the Russian-Japanese pact clear up many a mystery in the recent history of the Far East. He presents an invaluable interpretation of the Japanese mind, of the un-Occidental psychology behind the evasions and stupidities of Japanese foreign policy, behind the barbarity and treachery of Japan's medieval militarism.

But it is Mr. Grew's close-up of the human interest behind Japanese power politics that will charm and fascinate the general reader. "Ten Years in Japan" is vivid with humorous anecdote, personal experience, incisive portraiture, and the malapropisms of Japanese newspaper English. There is the tale of the newly arrived Junker diplomat who hailed the birth of the Japanese Crown Prince as a fitting gesture of welcome; of the political downfall of Foreign Minister Matsuoka, past master of the faux pas and chatterbox extraordinary; of the Emperor's concern for Mr. Grew's dog which had been rescued from a fall into the palace moat; of the American Ambassador's official call on the puppet Manchukuo envoy "when we got on the subject of hunting the long-haired Manchurian tiger. Then the fur really flew."

Ambassador Grew arriving on the *Gripsholm* after six months internment in Japan.

Mr. Grew played poker with Shiratori, Axis-minded spokesman of the Foreign Office, and "took much pleasure in badly rooking" the articulate Japanese jingoist. "I showed him conclusively that I can bluff as well as he, but that I generally had the cards."

In the course of his Tokyo mission the Ambassador had occasion to entertain many visiting celebrities. There was Babe Ruth. Japan went wild over him. Mr. Grew took the King of Swat golfing, admired his savoir faire as he was presented to delighted Japanese golfers, and observed: "He is a great deal more effective Ambassador than I could ever be."

Throughout the volume we relive the tense days and the sleepless nights of Mr. Grew's heroic struggle to avoid war. We share the suspense, the glow of temporary success, the broken hopes. In a particularly moving episode he sweats out a long, hot August afternoon over a Japanese peace offer. Prince Konoye, the Japanese Prime Minister, had proposed a peace conference with President Roosevelt on American soil. As a preliminary move the Japanese Foreign Minister, Admiral Toyoda, invited Mr. Grew to work over with him the terms of the peace offer. "We both took off our coats, rolled up our sleeves, and again pitched in to the work. . . . I wrote down everything he said, about a dozen pages of foolscap, and I almost had writer's cramp at the end." The two diplomats kept swabbing off the perspiration with cold towels provided by the Foreign Minister. Till after midnight Mr. Grew slaved over his report on the session, and it was 5:35 A.M. before the lengthy document was encoded.

In his diary Mr. Grew made this comment on Admiral Toyoda: "I think I like him more than any other Foreign Minister I have ever dealt with." And the American diplomat had dealt with a good many Foreign Ministers. He dealt with a good many Japanese too, which gives "Ten Years in Japan" first-line importance as a well focused view of the people of Japan. In this view he highlights the "cruelty, brutality, and utter bestiality, the ruthlessness and rapaciousness of the Japanese military machine which brought on this war. That Japanese military machine and military caste and military system must be utterly crushed, their credit and predominance must be utterly broken, for the future safety and welfare of the United States and of the United Nations, and for the future safety and welfare of civilization and humanity."

Every American ought to read this book, and certainly anyone who does not believe that our war with Japan was inevitable.

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Variations on a Presidential Theme

THE USE OF PRESIDENTIAL POWER, 1789-1943. By George Fort Milton. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1944. 349 pp. $3.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

"ON all great subjects much remains to be said." To this truism John Stuart Mill might have added that many who start to say part end by saying exceedingly little, of what remains. In this category of false starters Mr. Milton does not belong. He is a well-known Southern journalist who, a dozen or so years ago, became a non-academic historian and established himself as a high authority on the Lincoln and post-Lincoln period. Thus, as a journalist, he has already said a good deal on the sweep of events of the inter-war period and, as an historian, on the uses of Presidential power in the sixties. He now surveys the whole period from 1789 to 1943 and is able to bring to that task additional capacities and perhaps additional prejudices acquired in several posts which he has recently held in Washington.

Indubitably his subject is a great one. The wise use of Presidential power, particularly at critical periods when its non-use or misuse would have been catastrophic, has made an indispensable contribution to our national puissance. In the post-war period Presidential power may be the decisive factor in determining whether, internationally, the Republic is to continue strong or to become weak; whether, domestically, the nation is to be kept from remaining half-prosperous and half-poor. The two objectives may really be one.

Mr. Milton devotes the major part of his attention to eight Presidents whom he considers outstanding. There are few who will have a serious quarrel with this list: Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt. If the list were extended Tyler, Polk, and Hayes might have claims for inclusion. If the list were reduced by two, Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt would go off; if by three, Jackson would not stay in. Two Founding Fathers, a Civil War President, a First World War President and a Second World War President—only these would remain.

To the qualities of mind and heart of the men on his list, to the tasks they accomplished, to their methods of work and play, to their leadership of the country, to their relations with Congress and administrative associates, Mr. Milton devotes detailed attention. Of necessity he passes many judgments, some of which are bound to be cavalier. An occasional remark on the relations between men now living, of which readers may have knowledge, will make them wonder whether opinions neatly expressed on relations of which they have no knowledge, say between Lincoln and Seward, may not be pregnant with omissions. For example, Mr. Milton, recording President Roosevelt's candidature for the Governorship of New York in 1928, at the request of Alfred E. Smith who was running for the Presidency, says the fact that Roosevelt was elected while Smith lost the State "did not immediately interrupt their friendship, but when the new governor proved no rubber stamp his predecessor began to cool." Such a bald remark gives no intimation of the complex interplay of personality that there was in this situation, and does not hint at nascent, mutual magnanimities which rivalry between kitchen cabinets may have nipped in the bud.

But any author who covers a large canvas is, to different sections of readers, bound to seem acute or shallow, right or wrong, profound or jejune. All readers should agree that Mr. Milton carries them over a century and a half with an easy style, a confident grasp of detail, and a minimum of passages suggesting that he has tried to bite off what he should have eschewed. Hence, I eschew any re-analysis of Mr. Milton's analyses. This would require excursions into the realms of personality, intelligence, character, constitutional law, practical politics, and administrative management. I content myself with a few general observations to which Mr. Milton's thoughtful and stimulating book gives point.

Gladstone once described the constitutional transformation of the British monarchy in the nineteenth century as having consisted in the gradual and beneficial substitution of influence for power. Power went from the King to the House of Commons and then to the Cabinet. The influence of the occupant of the throne waxed and waned in relation to the character and intelligence of the sovereign, her or his longevity, and the confidence which successive Prime Ministers had in the rightness of their own views. What comparable transformations have there been in the case of the American Presidency?

Certainly the burden of the office has become measurably greater. What future President will, like Theodore Roosevelt, be able to say that he is having "a bully time"? The Presidency broke Woodrow Wilson's health, and Harding, who declared that "after all government is a simple thing" and who

—SRL *cartoon by Pierotti*

George Fort Milton

sought a return to "normalcy," died in office. Shortly thereafter I wrote a rather simple piece on the uses to which the White House might put a cabinet secretariat like the one Lloyd George developed in his war administration and which had been retained for peacetime purposes. The editor of *Collier's* headed it: "How to Save the Lives of Our Presidents!"

Were not Washington and Jefferson, and perhaps even Lincoln, more influential than powerful? Since Lincoln's time the annual statute book has steadily grown fatter but executive orders and administrative regulations have multiplied a thousand-fold. Even in peacetime the extension of governmental activity results in a vast increase of the President's duties and makes him a legislator whose output rivals in importance the output of Congress itself. Is the role of the legislature still primarily that of law-making? Is it not rather to see to it that adequate powers are placed in the executive and then to prod or tame those who use the powers?

And as power has increased, influence has also increased, but the mechanics and timing of its exertion have become completely different. Is there a basis on which one can compare the uses that Washington and Wilson made of the Presidency? How indeed can one compare Wilson and Roosevelt as war leaders and their uses of Presidential power save in terms of new uses of oil and electricity? What George Washington said and did could not become known and commented on until days, even weeks, after the event. Woodrow Wilson's magnificent war speeches (for which there are now only pallid substitutes) were on the morning's breakfast tables. Events proved that rhetoric and fine ideals reached but a little way. Disraeli said that "with words we can govern men," but he was wrong if he meant that we could do it for more than a moment.

President Roosevelt can invite the

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multitude to *listen* to his words. He can have the whole country—the whole world—as one vast audience and encouragement or warning can follow instantly in editorial comment or telegraphic barrage. Presidential power and influence are now tempered by a scrutiny far more instantaneous than in the age of Lincoln, or even Wilson.

Until his arrival at Paris, Wilson had not seen Lloyd George or Clemenceau but had had to deal with them by cable, through diplomatic channels and through Colonel House. On major questions Roosevelt and Churchill have agreed or disagreed face to face, and they have had their conference with Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek. Diplomacy becomes more itinerant and this may create as many problems as it solves.

Moreover, as matters of internal concern and matters of domestic politics become more indistinguishable, and the interests of the country, even apart from war, require delicate negotiations and effective agreements with other states, the beneficial uses of Presidential power will depend to a larger extent on the good will and zeal of those who are opposite numbers. In the inter-war period some European statesmen were ruined by their opposite numbers as much as by their own frailties or lack of support from their parliaments. If, for example, Bruning in Germany and Herriot in France could have retained power long enough to build on agreements which they could easily have reached in principle, the reputations of both men might have been immeasurably higher and the history of Europe vastly different. But the timetable was awry. Historians discuss Wilson's success or lack of success at Versailles in terms of the personalities of the other three members of the Big Four. Mr. Roosevelt's success as Commander-in-Chief and the leader of the nation in its foreign policy will be debated in the light of the aid he received from, or the obstacles put in his way by, the leaders of Great Britain, Soviet Russia, and China. In appraising the greatness of the early Presidents this factor was of minor or no importance.

"All power corrupts, but absolute power corrupts absolutely." So runs Lord Acton's famous dictum. To what extent does the possession of great power, which a crisis makes it essential that a legislature confer and that the people approve, increase the possessor's stature? Do qualities which are blushing unseen become fertilized and burst forth? The United States has been fortunate indeed in that the great crisis in its national history has found in the White House men who are included in Mr. Milton's list. "See that the State takes no harm"

(*Please turn to page* 32)

History as a Slice of Life

THE WAY OUR PEOPLE LIVED. An Intimate American History. By W. E. Woodward. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 402 *pp.* $3.95.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

ONE of the most interesting kinds of history is the history of everyday articles and modes of life; and yet it is a history much neglected, for authentic facts are often hard to find, and they tend to run into mere catalogue-lists. Few people, it may be affirmed, really have a vivid idea of just how their grandparents lived—that is, of what they wore, what they ate, what articles of furniture they most valued, what appliances they had to amuse themselves, what now-outworn forms of speech they followed. To those who wish to explore this department of the past Mr. Woodward furnishes a novel and instructive guide. Beginning with Boston three hundred years ago, and ending with New York in the last year of Theodore Roosevelt's Presidency, he gives eleven chapters to as many generations. Each chapter contains a simple little story, detailing the experiences of some observer who looks at precisely those social facts and appurtenances which the author wishes to exhibit. But the stories amount to nothing and may be disregarded; it is the social data which give the book meaning.

A more entertaining melange of facts and fads it would be difficult to find. The diverted reader will learn what a New York school of 1750 was like, and how church services were conducted in small towns in 1880. He will discover the difference between a spinnet and a clavichord, and what tunes were played on both and on the pianos that succeeded them. He will find out how Eli Terry standardized the clock and brought its price down to five dollars or less, and when the store-boats began to ply the Mississippi with their wares. Probably many people do not know that New England families in colonial times had four meals daily, that scrambled eggs were long called "battered eggs," that down to the middle of the nineteenth century spareribs were given away at some city slaughter houses, that the potato was introduced to provincial America by Ulster settlers, and that the first good rice came from Madagascar. The book tells how "flip" was made, what Niblo's Garden was like when young blades of New York took their damsels thither for a good time, and when and where funerals, fires, and duels figured among the favorite amusements. It abounds in quaint out-of-the-way facts, such as Thomas Jefferson's introduction of finger-bowls from France. It is well sprinkled with anecdotes, too: for example, the story of how, after Nathan Brooks delivered the first temperance lecture in Concord, he and the selectmen adjourned for a good drink all around; and the marvellous tale of how George M. Pullman, in his early days as construction engineer, raised the huge Tremont Hotel in Chicago to a new street-level without spilling a cup of coffee or cracking a pane of glass.

—*From the book*
Cyrus McCormick, inventor, showing his reaper at work.

While this volume is not as systematic as the books which William Chauncy Langdon and Arthur Train, Jr., have devoted to everyday things in American life, it is not lacking in plan. The successive chapters not only cover three centuries in thirty-year intervals, but deal with diverse parts of the American scene: Eastern cities, a Virginia plantation, a Georgia town, a cotton-mill village, and even the experiences of a group of goldseekers. The fictional element is frequently absurd, but there is never the slightest difficulty in distinguishing between fact and fable. Considering the nebulous and treacherous nature of his subject, Mr. Woodward has achieved a high standard of accuracy. Some of his statements seem a bit dubious—for example, that the English colonists knew nothing at first hand about porches; that the word "woman" down to the Civil War was considered low, and was applied with a slurring connotation that the more elegant term "females" lacked; and that the misconduct which "ruined" a city girl did not harm the reputation of the daughter of a small farmer. But the book covers a great deal of daily American life, and covers it with vitality and honesty. It does not furnish any study of trends or any social analysis, but that after all was beyond the intention of the author.

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Mr. Johnston's "People's Capitalism"

AMERICA UNLIMITED. By Eric Johnston. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. (An American Mercury Book). 1944. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HAL BORLAND

ALL the while I was reading Eric Johnston's "America Unlimited" I kept thinking about the reception it would have had ten years ago. Mr. Johnston is an almost evangelistic advocate of what he calls a People's Capitalism. He is convinced that we can and should work out our destiny in our own way. He celebrates American virtues, finds many good things in American traditions, believes America's form of capitalism is, on the whole, a good, workable system. He rejects state capitalism in any form. He doesn't think that what is good for Russia or England or any other nation is necessarily good for America. He believes in American integrity, and he preaches honesty and probity and tolerance and self-reliance. He is so old-fashioned in his viewpoint that he is practically a brand-new phenomenon in the national scene.

As I read his book I was thinking how fashions and attitudes have changed, and when I had finished with the book I went back to a file of daily book reviews to check my memory. The particular volume I opened covered the period of late 1933 and early 1934. Here are some of the things I found:

Ernest K. Lindley wrote "The Roosevelt Revolution," pointing out that the New Deal was not fascism and adding that "if it fails, it might easily be followed by Fascism." Bernard Fay wrote "Roosevelt and His America," in which he said that the liberal element in American government was "all" Western and that "all" Easterners were conservative. Archibald MacLeish, in his poem "1933," was appraising the confusion of the day in terms of Greek mythology and advising that we trust "neither to charts nor to prophets, but seamanship . . . sail on by the sun to seaward."

Matthew Josephson wrote "The Robber Barons." William Rollins Jr. wrote "The Shadow Before," and Robert Cantwell wrote "The Land of Plenty," bitter strike novels indicting industry. Carlton Beals wrote a very dull novel about American corruption in a Mexican oil field. A whole covey of now forgotten commentators rushed into print with analyses of what had happened to the banks, to money, to employment, to economics, most of them agreeing that capitalism was to blame. Stuart Chase took the report of the President's Research Committee on Recent Social Trends as the text for "The Economy of Abundance."

I also found that Bernard Fay had edited Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans" into babbling semi-coherence. Ludwig Lewisohn had settled all economic problems by moving the protagonists in his novel, "An Altar in the Fields," to a farm. Scott Fitzgerald, in Europe, had dabbled in psychiatry and alcoholism for the substance of "Tender Is the Night." From the France where others of our young writers were getting a perspective on their own country came Louis-Ferdinand Céline's "Journey to the End of the Night," one of the most extreme studies of futility.

Eric Johnston wants to consolidate the gains of the New Deal.

These things I found. And then my heart glowed, for I found MacKinlay Kantor's "Long Remember," and it had won honest praise. It stood out like a beacon in a murk of gloom.

It would have been interesting to go on through and chart the attitudes and changes of the whole decade; but that is a job for someone else. What I was seeking was a check on my memory of the attitude reflected in most of the books written and read ten years ago, when the depression was still hard upon us and when businessmen and bankers wore horns and sulked through the back streets. What I found fitted perfectly with the implications of a smoking-room story of the day, the story of a banker's son who, asked by his teacher what his father did, declared that he played the piano in a bordello.

And now Eric Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, comes out in the open and advocates capitalism, and is applauded for his stand in many quarters. Times do change.

To summarize Mr. Johnston's book, one might say that he presents the case of business as it has been altered by the past decade, finds that certain necessary reforms have been made by the New Deal, insists that the gains now be consolidated, and we go on from there in a new phase of the traditional American way. Discount a certain amount of special pleading and you still have a program that will appeal to a great many Americans.

Take it up broad point by point.

He believes that there has been too much emphasis on the "class struggle," too much attention to points of difference and too little to common interests, in the relations between management and labor, business and government. Labor, management, and agriculture all have a stake in national well-being; it is government's function to bring them together, not set them against each other.

He believes that America is "the wealthiest, happiest, freest, best-educated country in all human history." It got that way by individual initiative which combined into national initiative. It can go ahead on those same qualities, for there is no national sense of satiety, no letdown. Our very insistence on improving the lot of the "lower third," if that is the figure and the right term, proves that we are still building, still climbing. And those whom we speak of as underprivileged are already better off than was the great mass of the people sixty or seventy years ago.

He believes that the state capitalism and authoritarian programs preached by some reformers would level down and not up. "One need not ignore or approve existing evils," he says, "to recognize that capitalism has released human energy beyond any system of life in the past; that it has spread that energy to a greater number than ever before in history; that it has 'unfrozen' society, enabling men to rise, regardless of birth and race and class, as never before; and, above all, that it has brought more genuine liberty and dignity and self-respect to the masses of mankind than any other known order of living."

He believes that we are in the midst of a great duel between two ways of life, "that may be summed up in the over-simplified formula: individualism versus statism." Statism, he points out, feeds on its own power, is the sole judge of its own behavior, and enforces its preferences by police, secret agents, concentration camps, and purges. Individualism as represented by capitalism is always under the restraints of competition, government su-

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pervision, public acceptance of its goods or services. And he warns that if recent tendencies toward state domination of business continue unchecked we can expect to see big business moving to take over government. The combination would be disastrous, either way, for the great bulk of the people. It would mean the end of our freedom for a long time to come.

He believes that the New Deal gave us necessary and permanent gains in certain fields—in relief as a social obligation, in agricultural price controls, in collective bargaining, in banking practices. But along with these gains he sees classes egged on to fight each other, war on business, punitive taxes, and fostering of doubt and undermining of self-reliance. He sees serious dangers in executive agencies which have arrogated to themselves legislative and judicial functions.

He points out that everyone has a stake in capitalism, labor as well as management, state wards as well as capitalists. He puts his case this way:

> The people's capitalism . . . rests, in the ultimate checkup, not on the prosperity of the state or the prosperity of a few business units, but on a prosperous people. Only an increasingly prosperous people can offer an increasing market for the products of labor and business. Only a prosperous people will create capital for new enterprises. . . . It encourages people to have dollars, and to risk dollars. Its motive power is confidence and its atmosphere is freedom.

He tells how our system, of both big and little business, rose to the demands of war production as no other country's did or could. And he examines the whole philosophy of security provided by the state, of a vanished frontier, and of a mature or completed economy, pretty well blasting all three notions. He gets ecstatic over the future of invention and science, when he might have been just as eloquent without putting a helicopter in every backyard. And he discusses South America and Britain.

That roughly covers the ground. As I said earlier, take out some of the hoo-raw and extravagance, and you have a pretty solid defense of the American system. It includes, often almost in passing, some of the things a good many Americans who were neither capitalists in the New Deal sense nor rabid anti-New Dealers were thinking and saying during the past decade.

One of those things is the indictment of the psychology of fear and the whimpering demand for security beyond all else. Some of us simply gasped when the members of a college graduating class a few years ago said, almost unanimously, that what they most wanted was for the Government to give them a job. Another point is that we still have a physical or geographic frontier. When all this talk was going around about America being all settled now and there being no more room to pioneer, we wondered where the talkers had spent all their lives. In pure geography, there were at that moment millions of acres of land still unused. They weren't within sight of the cities east of the Mississippi, but they were there within continental United States. At the depth of the depression the Mormons in Utah were settling their young folks on virgin land and giving the lie to the Jeremiahs. And the Mormons barely touched the available land there was left.

Another point is that imported solutions or programs will not necessarily solve our problems. Mr. Johnston makes the point with regard to England, where there is a strong trend toward state capitalism. England is smaller than most of our states, has relatively few natural resources, and is an old nation, at present very war-weary. State capitalism may be the solution for England's problems, though even that is still to be proved. Our physical conditions, resources, population, energy, background, and even psychology are different. When the Beveridge Report was issued, it was greeted here by a good many who called it a blueprint for America, as invalid an assumption as it would be to hold up our voting laws as a model for England.

We have had communism held up as a model. We have been lectured on the advisability of adopting Sweden's "Middle Way." From time to time we have even been told that certain phases of fascism should be adopted here. But the fact is that we have a system of our own which has worked pretty well. It has had to be pruned and shaped from time to time, but it still has vigor and strength and more promise than any other system in sight. We sometimes wish that some of those in authority would concentrate more on making it work better and less on making it over in an another image. Most of us have confidence in it, fundamentally. Mr. Johnston pleads for more confidence.

To return to that research mentioned a while back, fear and doubt were almost fashionable in those days despite Mr. Roosevelt's assertion that "all we have to fear is fear." There was, in fact, a fostering of fear by some as a means of herding us in new directions —fear of capitalism, fear of business, fear even of starvation. It became fashionable in certain literary circles to "escape" to Europe, there to indulge in severe cases of pessimism, futility, and dadaism. A good many of our young men in government made the same excursion, intellectually, and had the same maladies.

The war straightened us out on some of these matters. It gave the lie to the futilitarians and to those who insisted that we were no longer able to take care of ourselves. It showed that the American system still had stamina and drive and guts. It has created its own dangers, but it has also made us aware of our own strength once more. And now Americanism has become fashionable again in literature. And such business-political figures as the author of "America Unlimited" get a wide hearing.

The pendulum is swinging back. That back-swing is overdue, and for that reason it may go further than it should. That's something to watch and perhaps to worry about. It is worth noting here that even Mr. Johnston sees that danger and warns, obliquely, against it. His warning, however, will be as a whisper in the hurricane compared with the warnings you will hear before next November arrives. I've already heard rumbles of thunder on the left, mutterings that "that man from Seattle" wants to give the country back to Wall Street.

To Lola Ridge

By Laura Benét

ON nebulous heights long-parted comrades shine.
You tower above them; touch and understand
The flaming revelations of that land
Whose crystal liberty is meat and wine.
Since you were one most instant to divine
Bright gold from unsound metal, your slight hand
And unscathed heart take over the command
Of eager souls marked by the fiery sign.

If in my verse some magic lines emerge
Or wayward syllables with wonder blaze,
Give that encouragement you gave me young;
If poems born of some unconscious urge
Rise up like singing fountains on still days,
They mount on the approval of your tongue.

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Strictly Personal . . .

I AM AN ENEMY OF SOCIETY

I AM an enemy of society. I am not however, an ordinary enemy such as a murderer, a sponsor of soap operas, a monopolist, or an interior decorator. They are fairly innocuous and may be dealt with by law or public opinion. I am the criminal who is within the letter and the spirit of the law while public opinion, slow to understand the significance of my kind, approves of me. Yet every day, by action and precept, I contribute to the demolition of our social and political structure.

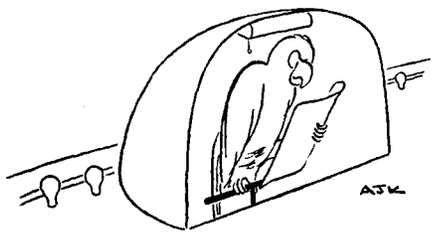
If one may use the term, I am the bourgeois bourbon who learns nothing and forgets nothing. It is difficult to deal with me since by all standards of the American past I am a good citizen and, being a creature of my environment and upbringing, I go on stubbornly being a good citizen—old style. Growing up in the early years of this century, I attended a little red schoolhouse. There we wrote down in our copybooks some of the prevailing maxims of our antique society: "Great oaks from little acorns grow." "Save the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." "Waste not, want not." Men were firm about these concepts. Private debt was regarded as faintly dishonorable. The middle class thought it *déclassé* to buy anything on the instalment plan. A man who mortgaged his home was regarded in my town as slightly immoral. And Ed Howe, the Sage of Atchison, told the country that thrift is to a man what chastity is to a woman.

These lessons sank deep and I have since lived by them. I have never owned a car. The heavy mahogany furniture left me by Aunt Hilda is still serviceable and comfortable enough. Look at the British, I say to my young nieces who want to fill my house with Bellows Falls Buhl. Didn't they create an empire in discomfort and fits of abstraction, and the world's greatest body of poetry on a diet of roast beef and cabbage? My zinc-lined, sawdust-insulated icebox keeps perishables fresh. I burn local wood in my fireplaces and kitchen stove. I pay cash for what I buy and buy nothing until I have the cash. I walk through the valley of five o'clock shadow without fear and am the despair of advertisers, however skilled. If the Joneses want to get ahead of me, more power to them. I work hard, contribute my share of time and money to community enterprises, and put every dollar that I can into gilt-edged bonds.

I regard myself as a good citizen. Yet I am clearly an enemy of society. Suppose we were all thrifty and resisted advertisers? Suppose that when an advertiser leered at us and asked "Is Anything Too Good For YOUR Wife?" we leered right back and honestly answered, "Hell, yes." What if we did not eat patent hay, oats, and corn for breakfast at the rate of $400-$500 a ton (*omitting the cost of cream* and sugar to make the mess palatable); that we soled our shoes, and kept our cars for their serviceable life of five to seven years? Suppose—crowning calamity of all—that the country, fleeing from the National Association of Manufacturers, should embark upon an era of high thinking and plain living? What then? You know the answer. Grass would grow . . . and so forth.

We cannot, I am told, exist unless we have a constantly expanding economy in which people buy more things whether or not they need them. The really good citizen will then waste as much as he can. When John Smith comes home and kicks out the window panes he helps the glaziers and the stockholders of the Pittsburgh Glass Company. The latter will save more money which the Glass Company will borrow from them and build bigger plants which will employ more men to produce more window panes to be kicked out by a greater number of Smiths. Then, since John Smith is an automobile mechanic, the grateful glaziers and stockholders will drop emery into the bearings of their cars so that Smith and the parts makers will be employed all the time. Thus we shall have what is called "full employment" and, naturally, a happy people. I do not say that this would solve the problem forever but remembering how well Penelope's act succeeded over a long period there is no reason for the nation to despair.

The alternative is to take the long way around. This means, I am informed, that we must employ as many people after the war as are now employed—that is, nearly everybody in the country including, let us hope, Governor Bricker. Every member of every family will be employed. They will be busy turning out all kinds of goods ranging from Lifesavers to Lifebuoy. Each man, of course, will not only buy up to the limits of his available cash money but will also go into debt, since it is unlikely that his cash resources will ever be big enough for him to buy enough things to keep the other fellow busy; while if he does not keep himself busy he will lose his job. Consequently all but an incorrigible minority of loafers will spend their days happily bending over machines, secure in the faith that there will always be a machine over which they can bend.



Some of our best minds are now hard at work on this problem, and we may glimpse the wonderland into which they would lead us if we look backward for a moment at the behavior of our greatest peacetime industry—motors. Its place is so high among us that in 1929, out of every five dollars of consumer payments for everything except rent and insurance, one dollar was spent on automobiles. How was this pearl of industries kept going at even a fraction of its potential capacity?

1. A man who could not pay for a car got one by buying it on the instalment plan. Since, however, he could not increase his expenditures without comparably increasing his income (something which was usually beyond him) he paid for the car by cutting down on luxuries such as steak, clothing, or furniture. If he earned thirty-five dollars a week, one week's wages in the month went toward paying for the car. In Middletown a working-class wife said: "We'd rather do without clothes than without the car. We used to go to visit my husband's sister, but by the time we'd get the children shoed and dressed there wasn't any money left for carfare. Now . . ., we just poke 'em in the car and take 'em along." This, I take it, is a high standard of living. Where else, on a continental scale, may one witness the tonic spectacle of children bare of feet and behind being taken to visit their relatives in a chromium-glittering eight-cylinder wagon?

2. Once you bought a car the motor industry (like many others in various fields) could not wait for it to wear out. Consequently no sooner did you take your first ride than the advertisers tried to make you dissatisfied with it. This they did by glorifying the new models, with a new tin

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whistle and advertised as "revolutionary." That words fetches us. A singularly stable people politically who merely alternate between the platitudes of Democrats and the platitudes of Republicans, we cannot resist a "revolutionary" car or gadget. If, however, we hesitate the industry makes us feel that a man who would drive a '39 car in '41 is a disgrace to his family, his country, and, of course, to himself.

3. The way to a new car was made "easy." By trading-in his car the purchaser seemed to be getting another for little or nothing. He did not generally have to lay out any cash since the allowance on the old car was usually equal to the down-payment on the new, and the balance was paid off in "easy" instalments.

4. His trade-in car entered the second-hand market. Here the machinery was geared to keep up the price of second-hand cars, and the instalment plan was an important factor working to this end. If second-hand cars were sold for cash, prices would come down. Therefore the industry preferred instalment sales, because if the old cars moved in a really competitive market prices would drop so low they would compete with new machines. Then the price of new cars would have to be reduced or—far worse—the industry would have to produce a better and cheaper automobile.

This is a situation that would have delighted the author of "Erewhon." What happens in the exotic country of automobiliana?

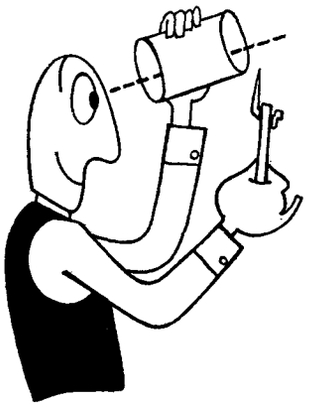
(a) Here money does *not* talk. The man who shouts "Cash!" has less standing than one who whispers "Instalments."

(b) The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, the less prosperous purchaser being preferred to the more prosperous purchaser.

(c) The market and sales price of new cars is supported by keeping up the prices of old cars; as though the lady in the parlor were being maintained in style by the drab cook in the kitchen.

(d) Under this system, the buyer of the second-hand car gets stuck and because he does he unwittingly sticks the buyer of a new machine. Consequently since most of us, at one time or another, are buyers of new cars or old, all of us coöperate with the motors industry by acting antagonistically toward one another.

Yet with all this, our greatest industry with a potential capacity of 25,000,000 cars annually, succeeded in selling only 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 a year. Its dilemma—and that of many segments of our economy—is posed by Edward D. Kennedy in these words:



What would be said of the shoe industry if the retailer had to sell 400,000,000 pairs of used shoes in order to sell 300,000,000 pairs of new shoes? Or what would be said of the shoe-wearer if he traded in a new pair of shoes which he had worn only one or two months in order to buy a new pair of shoes which had, perhaps, extra-long laces or a fur-lined tongue. . . ? To complete the analogy, however, it would also have to be possible for the shoe-wearer to buy his shoes on the installment plan, and to trade in his old shoes for enough money to cover the down payment on the new pair. Under these circumstances, the man who wore the shoes might be considered nearly as peculiar as the man who sold them.

If, then, the automobile, the one thing which we prize above all others, and for which we make the greatest sacrifices, is sold only through the use of wonderland devices, how shall we expect other things of less beauty in our eyes to be sold in such quantities that everybody can be employed? If, moreover, full employment is the goal of our society—that is, a state of affairs in which everybody must stand behind machines all his days—does this mean that we shall at last have achieved the good life? Or may one, with some temerity, still pose the question: "Little child, why were you born?" If a constantly expanding economy were possible, is it desirable? If it is possible, what shall be my place in it: the place of a man who wants to save his money for a rainy day and yet by saving it tends to bring on the rain? Am I, in short, a man, a squirrel, or, as I suspect, an enemy of society?

I do not know the answer to these questions but, as the best speaker of my Rotary Club always said, I "merely throw out the thought." If, however, my bewilderment grows, I shall do what I have long had in mind: retire to a cool porch in Mississippi, drink good whiskey, and await the end with calm dignity.

DAVID L. COHN.

"Strictly Personal" next week will be conducted by Jonathan Daniels.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SIGNALS IN LITERATURE

There's something extra intriguing and exciting about a story in which characters communicate with each other by means of signals. In the ten briefly summarized below, can you name the character involved and either the story in which he appears or the author? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 23.

1. When this apparently dying detective persuaded his poisoner to turn up the gaslight, it was the signal for a Scotland Yard inspector to enter.

2. Covering a large white rock with a dark cloth was to notify her farmer lover that this mountain maiden was in danger and needed his assistance.

3. Two lanterns hung in the belfry of Boston's Old North Church signaled this patriot to spread the news that invaders were arriving by sea.

4. When this yarn-spinning banker saw a shade pulled down in the front window of the bank across the street, he knew that the other establishment was at last prepared to receive the bank examiner.

5. The sound of evening curfew was to be the signal for this man's execution, but his girl friend prevented it by clinging to the bell's clapper.

6. At the command of this Scotch Highlander, a fiery cross was carried throughout the lakes and mountains to gather the members of the clan to fight King James of England.

7. To warn her bandit-lover of his imminent arrest by the redcoats, this girl shot off a musket whose barrel was beneath her breast.

8. A newspaper editor hid this escaped murderer inside a roll-top desk after instructing him to respond only when the desk was knocked on three times.

9. Three candles burning in his mistress's bedroom window were to summon this cavalier immediately, but on the only occasion when she put them there her husband put one out.

10. A friend's melancholy meowing summoned this boy to a midnight excursion to the village cemetery.

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The Spigot of Marseilles

TRANSIT. By Anna Seghers. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 312 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

IT is always gratifying to watch the author of a best-selling novel depart, in his following book, from artistic methods which had proved so successful, and turn to completely new means of psychological interpretation. This is exactly what the distinguished author of "The Seventh Cross" does in her latest novel. In fact, every new reality demands for her a new expression—and the world of this smallish volume is both real and new.

True, the characters of Miss Seghers's story are again homeless fugitives from tyranny. But their problems have grown immensely since the seven inmates of that pre-war concentration camp saw one single goal only: to get out of Hitler's prison, and out of the Reich. Now they have seen and experienced more—and the world being what it was around '40 or '41, they are no longer sure of the innate decency of all people non-Nazi. Clandestine fascism has closed in on them, and slowly their confidence in men has given way to a kind of sad cynicism, maturing in them in spite of themselves. That complex situation now calls for a style of presentation different from the straightforwardness of the plain people who formed the cast of "The Seventh Cross." And Miss Seghers has admirably succeeded in creating that style by producing a peculiar *chiaroscuro* and an ever-shifting twilight atmosphere which—not only through a certain similarity in scenery—reminds the reader of "Quai de Brume," that superb French film of several years ago.

The story, then, is about a German refugee—Seidler is his name—who during the turmoil of the occupation of Paris chances upon the secret of a man's suicide, and into the possession of his papers. He has never known that man, a self-exiled writer of some repute. Escaping to Marseilles, he there happens to meet the author's wife who some time earlier had deserted her husband for another man (for whom she cares equally little), and knows nothing about the Paris suicide. Only after that meeting does a certain error on the part of the Mexican consul gain its significance for Seidler—a convenient mistake which prompts him with mounting audacity to assume *vis-à-vis* the authorities the identity of the dead man.

For he has fallen in love with Marie, and soon learns how desperately she is searching for her husband; she wants him to sign some papers which, among others, will enable her to leave for Mexico together with her lover. By impersonating the deceased writer, Seidler indeed manages to straighten things out for the woman, while she remains unaware of his doings. An hour before her (and her lover's) departure, Seidler at last tries to confess his sentiments, and to tell her the truth. But with all the alleged proofs of her husband's helpfulness in her possession, Marie refuses to believe in the non-existence of the undiscoverable man. Seidler, who meanwhile has also managed to get his own visas and ship accommodation, decides to stay behind. And over a glass of *rosé* he tells his story in the casual and slightly self-deprecatory way Joseph Conrad's narrators used to tell theirs.

Anna Seghers again writes of homeless fugitives from tyranny.

It has to be admitted that the chain of accidents and the amount of contingency on which the plot and its denouement rely are not always entirely credible. What makes Miss Seghers's story nevertheless so convincing is the human authenticity of her characters, and the masterly panorama of Vichy Marseilles, that "tiny spigot through which the world flood of Europe's fleeing thousands sought to pour."

Often as that heart-choking picture has been drawn before, both in factual reports and fiction, Miss Seghers's presentation will stir the reader's imagination to its depth. The wretchedness of petty French officials, the profiteering xenophobia of the populace, the callous indifference of foreign consuls hardened by the perpetual sight of bottomless misery, the demoralization of émigré life, hourly shifting from hope to despair and from despair to new hope—all this comes to full life through scores of episodes which appear and vanish, as if singled out by a searchlight penetrating the mist. A peculiar thematic role is played by that "system" of visas, transit visas, *sauf-conduits,* and exit permits, which, chasing and overtaking one another in their respective validity, make each actual departure seem to be something akin to the solution of a manifold mathematical equation.

It is not without interest to compare Miss Seghers's work with Arthur Koestler's recent "Arrival and Departure." In a way, her hero calls to mind that other fugitive and his inner struggle. They both reach a plane of uncanny calm amidst a bedlam of human tragedy. But while Mr. Koestler's protagonist breathes freer the thinner the air grows on that detached plane, Miss Seghers's refugee, despite his almost serene matter-of-factness, ever deeper entangled in the maze of his feelings, accepts in the end the miracle of selfless love, and faces his guilt. "For suddenly grief for the dead man swept over me," so he concludes his story by telling of Marie's leaving. "We were staying behind together, he and I. And there was nobody to mourn him in that country shaken by war and betrayal, nobody to do him the final honors, as they say, but myself, seated in a café near the Old Harbor; I who had quarreled with the other man over the dead man's wife."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 47

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 47 will be found in the next issue.

DFM TPDGNRN BHJTL FMJ QFJHCPDRQ JMMN HA DFM BPVASD-DJMM HEMJ DFM BMVV.

—BPVD BFRDCPA.

—LHAZ HW CGLMVW.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 46

A REACTIONARY IS A SOMNAMBULIST WALKING BACKWARD.

—F. D. ROOSEVELT.

—RADIO SPEECH.

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It Happened in Brancaster

THE NIGHT IS ENDING. By James Ronald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 477 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS melodrama of manners will remind older readers of the novels of Charles Reade. Mr. Ronald does not write so often at the top of his voice though he can, to vary the metaphor, pull out all the stops in such a scene as the wretched Gerald's efforts to escape from the police after he has murdered his friend Benny; but he has Reade's trick of theatricalism, of clothing his heroine with a rather pinchbeck and self-conscious nobility, and of juxtaposing incredible goodness and sweetness with intolerable vileness and cruelty. His occasional use of modern psychological jargon does not in the least detract from the old-fashioned simplicity of his characterization. And he has Reade's power of story-telling and of holding the reader's attention.

Ruth Malvern is the only child of Johnny Malvern, a genial, shiftless, lazy scion of the family of which Lord Wavendon, his uncle, is the head. Though disowned by his family, he continues to touch his uncle for odd hundreds now and then, and otherwise lives by sponging on his friends, gambling at cards and horse-racing, and those dishonest shifts (not excluding cheating at cards) which secure a man against the need to work but not the chance of prison. Johnny escapes jail: when it seems inevitable he evades it by going out of his mind, leaving motherless Ruth with no resources but her character and her brains. After a sordid period as a schoolmistress Ruth, by an odd chance, finds herself the owner of a bankrupt shop in the slums of Brancaster, a dirty industrial city near Manchester. She also inherits three children, David, Joan, and Gerald, of whom Gerald is a thief and liar, Joan a vain little flibbertygibbet, and David a boy of strong character, unselfishness, and industry.

Some readers will be annoyed at the fairy-tale quality of Ruth's progress with her task. She makes the shop a going concern; she helps the children; she reads for the law and becomes a solicitor, and she clears up one of Brancaster's most disgraceful and insanitary districts. To those who know England, especially Lancashire, it is queer that never once in her progress does she come across any priest or minister of religion to help her in her Augean tasks; but she does gain the love and help of the poor working-people among whom she lives. Her best helper is Dr. Andrew Murdoch; and in the portrait of this obstinate, honest, over-worked Scotch physician Mr. Ronald is really successful. It is the nearest he gets to life-like characterization; though even Murdoch has to have the conventional bullying, adoring "old servant of the family" to do for him.

"The Night is Ending" must, however, be read for the excitement of certain episodes, the careful study of the small shop in England and the shop-keeper's problems, and the grim, all too truthful, account of how Mosley's black-shirts gained their toughs and their dupes in the less savory quarters of such towns as Brancaster.

For these things one can forgive the unreality of the principal character, the weakness Ruth shows to her father whose boasted charm dissolves into snobbish vanity—but Johnny is fortunately so cut out of the whole cardboard (highly colored) that one does not care in the least at his too-long delayed death. After that, with the unwilling aid of the pantomime ogre Wavendon, Andrew and Ruth marry, and the story ends on the 1st of September, 1939.

—*Louise Plympton*

James Ronald

Politics and Patriotism

THE MOCKING BIRD IS SINGING. By E. Louise Mally. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1944. 394 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

MISS MALLY has undertaken a great American story in this novel of the Old South as it disappeared in Louisiana and the New South as it began in Texas. Indeed, the changing South is only scene for greater forces and changes. Miss Mally has put together the culture of New England, the grace of old New Orleans, and the revolt of the 1848 German refugee to make a testing and a fusion with rougher and readier Americans on the raw frontier. The American story is well understood and realistically presented but the romantic story of Therese Beaumarc, warm-blooded romantic, unhappily married to a God-fearing money-loving Scotchman, seems almost a sentimental distraction from the greater background drama of the book.

Miss Mally has used splendid and veracious American material in her description of the operations of nineteenth century American businessmen from blockade-running to railroad building. The central figures of her Old South are not plantation owners but city merchants whose mercantile contacts ran to England and New England, who knew Paris and Boston as well as the Mississippi country. She understands the profits of politics and the neat manner in which men can combine politics and patriotism. She writes with knowledge of the speculative push to fortune in the development of Texas, and of the drama in real estate, in cotton and cattle, and the deadly dramatics of tight money.

Against such robust material Miss Mally has written the sad story of Therese who loves but cannot marry her cousin. She is not only the perfect New Orleans beauty; in Texas she is also the delectable cultured lady on the uncouth frontier. Miss Mally never ceases to adore her own heroine but the very romantic superiorities with which she endows her make Therese seem both not quite real and not quite honest. Indeed, it seemed to me that if Miss Mally had only slightly altered her softness for sharpness in the portrayal of Therese she might have produced a fine, satirical figure of the phony Southern belle and elegant matron. As written, however, I was left with the feeling that perhaps it was not financial failure which caused her cold husband to kill himself but maybe the strain of living with such a romantic paragon.

If Miss Mally has disastrously fallen in love with her own heroine, she has nevertheless drawn her in a real world of men and women straight out of the stream of American history. Altogether it is a book which misses distinction but lacks little else.

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THE CONSTITUTION AND THE FUTURE

HUNDREDS of thousands of Americans may have to die before the war is won, but it would take only seventeen men to lose the peace. Seventeen votes in the United States Senate can prevent or handicap American participation in a coöperative world effort to lay the foundations for a better future. Since forty-nine Senators constitute a quorum, a block of only seventeen votes could negate any peace this nation might negotiate. This could represent perhaps the greatest cancellation of blood, toil, tears, and sweat in history; and the irony becomes all the more tragic in view of the circumstances and precedents which govern the Constitutional provision requiring a two-thirds plurality in the Senate for ratification of treaties.

Actually, as Edward S. Corwin points out in an extremely valuable new book,* the two-thirds provision represents a curious anomaly. The Constitution itself, he says—and there are few scholars in America who have studied the Constitution more carefully or to greater advantage—can be interpreted as clearly indicating that treaty-making is to be "one continuous process to be performed by a single authority, the President, acting throughout in consultation with the Senate." What has happened, however, is that the Senate has insisted, from the first, upon "asserting its independence of identity in the treaty-making business, thereby splitting the constitutional authority into two authorities, performing separate differentiated functions—a Presidential function of formulation and negotiation followed by a Senatorial function . . . of criticism and amendment, or of criticism and rejection. . . . In short, the two-thirds rule was an anomaly before it was ever put into operation, and everything that has happened since 1789, both within the Constitutional system and outside of it, has contributed to aggravate the abnormity."

Here, then, is a distinguished American historian declaring that the two-thirds rule was based, at least in part, on what he describes as the "early discredited assumption of counciliar collaboration, while today it is completely out of line with the democratic assumptions which have generally come to underlie the functioning Constitution."

There is no mystery concerning what is needed. Professor Corwin believes that the principle of ratification should be retained, but he wants such ratification to represent a real and democratic expression of Congressional opinion, rather than the present narrow base of ratification as it has developed over the years. Specifically, he proposes that both houses of Congress be given the right to endorse or reject treaties, on the basis of a simple majority in each branch.

The matter of the two-thirds Senate ratification is only one of many problems concerned with the American Constitution and world peace that Professor Corwin takes up in his little book. Underlying all the questions being asked today about United States participation in some world organization after this war is the fear that we will somehow violate the Constitution. Many Americans are terrified lest they will wake up one morning to discover that somebody has eloped with their beautiful sovereignty. And there is no shortage of Jeremiahs to exploit and intensify these fears by conjuring up all sorts of ghastly and precipitate catastrophies should America so much as allow itself to touch the insidious and perfidious internationalists who seek only to make confetti of the Constitution.

The hearts of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Daily News*, for example, are bleeding profusely over the wicked designs against the principal document of the Founding Fathers. It would be interesting to find out just how much these self-appointed and self-anointed protectors and experts really know about the Constitution—what it says and why it says it, how it was made and why it was made. For the indications are that their tears over the Constitution are stimulated less by their knowledge than by their tastes.

The natural affinity for error of these Constitutional wizards is a public matter, but for anyone who would care to see how dramatically and eloquently wrong they actually are, we suggest a reading of Professor Corwin's book. For in it he neatly and effectively scotches all the bugaboos and phobias over the Constitution as it concerns American participation in a closely knit group of nations. He examines both the phrasing and the purposes of the Constitution, citing actual sources on the making of the document. He logically declares that the right to enter into world organization is no more an infringement of national sovereignty than the right to enter into world war. He feels that we have reached a point in history where there is a need for a larger sovereignty—a sovereignty based on the demands of the time.

Nor is there any conflict between this larger sovereignty and the national welfare. "The cause of peace abroad and the cause of constitutional democracy at home are allied causes, and must be so treated by those whose lot it will be to forge our foreign policies in the years to come." Thus, if we value our sovereignty above our safety, we shall have neither.

Yet another service performed by Mr. Corwin is in his long-overdue airing of the entire subject of Constitutional safeguards. The feeling is widespread that the Constitution is a com-

**THE CONSTITUTION AND WORLD ORGANIZATION. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press. 1944. 57 pp. $1.*

Unreasoning Night

By N. C. Burton

To wake from sleep in the unreasoning night,
Without perspective, frightened, sad. Again
To know the sorrow of remembered pain,
Obscurity certainty of wrong and right.
To know that with the coming of the light
Much that is shadowed now, will then be plain,
And yet to realize this truth in vain,
And turn once more to argument and fight.
This then is loneliness beyond compare,
Beyond ability to dream the past;
When a loved voice recalled fades in the air,
A scene recaptured vanishes as fast.
A life once shared leaves emptiness unknown,
As was the former joy, to one alone.

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bination granary, arsenal, and storm cellar; that it automatically provides all sorts of safeguards and privileges. If I may plagiarize from something I wrote two years ago, the Constitution, in an absolute sense, only prescribes a form—a magnificent form. But the Constitution, of and by itself, is powerless to preserve that form. It cannot enforce democracy; it cannot prevent an attack upon democracy from within or from without; it cannot guarantee the liberties and the rights it defines. As a form, it cannot live without substance. That substance is the history of America and the composition of America. That substance should be in our bones and in our blood. If it isn't, then our democracy is living on borrowed time.

What, then, have we got to fall back upon if not the Constitution? The answer is clear. All that has kept American democracy alive until now is the will of a free people to remain free—and democracy is nothing more nor less than just that. Not armies or documents or fancy speeches, but the people themselves. And when that will or spirit disappears, democracy disappears with it. It will not be a matter of making formal pronouncements about the end of representative government. Nothing will have to be said; when the prevailing spirit of the people is no longer democratic we shall know it. The moment we grow cold on democracy it ceases to exist.

As for the future, the real danger to lasting peace is not Constitutional but cerebral.

N. C.

A CHAMPION OF MAN

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD is dead at sixty-eight. He died on May 2 at Madison, Wisconsin. I, who write this, never knew him. Yet I did know him; for I knew his books of poems, including the extraordinary sonnet-sequence, "Two Lives." The headline of *The New York Times* obituary read: "Dr. W. E. Leonard, Famed for Phobia." So I took down from my shelves "The Lynching Bee and Other Poems," by William Ellery Leonard, and I thought to myself, "Rather say, famed for *that*—for these poems that breathe his fierce hatred against the indignities modern civilization has heaped upon the spirit of man." In these poems he describes a lynching as mercilessly as it has ever been described. He speaks up for Tom Mooney (then in prison; this was 1920), for 'Gene Debs, for Leo Frank. He has tried, as he says in his paragraph of a foreword, "to phrase the ominous turmoil of the times." We may confront such ominous times again, at the end of another war. It is time to re-read Leonard. It is time to re-read how 100% Americans in Wisconsin and Iowa (during the last war) treated certain innocent German-Americans. It is time to re-read how we have eternally treated the Negro, and of the spirit that foments new great wars. It is time to read of that strangler of free thought, the one Leonard called "The Great God Mum."

Yes, Leonard was afflicted by a "distance phobia" which he described in his autobiography, "The Locomotive God." But that was far from being the most important thing about him. *The Times* obituary that stated illiterately that he "flaunted" a certain university edict, and makes good copy of his differences with the University of Wisconsin's deans, and the fact that Elizabeth Dilling, now on trial for sedition (which it fails to mention) once put him in her absurd collection of lies, "The Red Network"—such an obituary calls his most remarkable poem, "Two Lives," "a sonnet." (Edwin Arlington Robinson was about the only poet who could have got a complete story of love and marriage into fourteen lines!) What *The Times* prizes is that Professor Leonard's "translation of 'Beowulf' won wide recognition," as though that were the fine flower of his intellect!

Obviously the man was a scholar; but he was above all one of the most outspoken and moving poets of our time; hater of all forms of injustice and human tyranny. The "Tom Mooney" poem is a bomb in verse. "Two Lives," that magnificent sonnet-sequence, cuts deep into human experience and haunts one ever after. William Ellery Leonard was a modern poet with a social conscience as burning as that of Shelley. He wrote fearless and beautiful poetry. That should be said of him; and all the trumpery sensationalism should be swept away. He was a champion of Mankind.

W. R. B.

Apotheosis

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

WHITE thunder drummed the west side of the world,
The turkey-cock overheard it. He unfurled
His circle of bronze maleness to the eyes
Of his wives, drew fire from the sky's,
Expanded with low thunder, arched his head
Back on tautened feathers, and the red
Blood ran down like lightning from his bill.
The thunder put the sun out like a hill.
The hens stood rooted dark in fear and wonder
Before this marriage of the upper thunder
With thunder in the lord their bodies knew.
Lightning came on brighter, and it drew
The lower lightning rankling in the cock.
The hens knew something terrible as a hawk
Was over them. They could not stir a feather
Before the powers drawing so together.

The cock uncoiled his nest of swollen springs,
Turned slim as serpents are, spread out his wings
And ran towards the storm cloud's molten center.
Great trees bent wide and let the fierce bird enter.
He sprang upon a stump and swelled with power,
Opened like a darkly petalled flower
To the light of lightning, spread his tail
And gobbled like the high shriek of a gale,
His maleness stood up from him like a sword,
The sky-wide lightning centered on the bird
And stabbed three times with prongs of lambent light.
Where the bird had been were seven slight
Sparks of him going out on the dark sod,
A quiet, and the fragrance of a god.
The she-things saw the pieces, hot and gold,
Of a glory saved from growing old.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. DeVoto and Mr. Lewis

SIR: Why do you print such childish, pot-calling abuse as Sinclair Lewis's assault on Bernard DeVoto? By listing his piece as a feature rather than a book review, perhaps you dodge some responsibility; nevertheless, you ought to have more respect for the memory of one of our whilom Olympians than to let him give himself away like that!

Never mind questions of fairness, of consistency—they are obvious to anybody, although I can't help pointing out one beautiful contradiction. In one paragraph Mr. Edmund Wilson is commended as a "serious" critic, much too sensible and majestic to notice Mr. DeVoto (a plain untruth, incidentally); six paragraphs later he has become a "talmudist," a "Bunny" to match Mr. DeVoto's "Benny," a corrupter of young college teachers, a writer of pomposities, and a "mincing messiah."

What is necessary to challenge is Mr. Lewis's simple-minded sophistry in trying to hold DeVoto to account for activity in another sphere. What on earth has John August's drugstore fiction got to do with Bernard DeVoto's criticism? Well, exactly what Mr. Lewis's excursions into the theatre, and a lot of his own magazine pieces have to do with his great novels, which is nothing at all. Does Mr. Lewis judge the economics of Stephen Leacock by "Behind the Beyond," the statesmanship of Lord Tweedsmuir by "Mr. Standfast," or the mathematics of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson by "Alice?" Does Mr. Lewis reject himself as a serious novelist, a worthy Nozel Prize winner, and a social and political liberal because he has contributed to popular magazines? Nobody else does.

ROBESON BAILEY.

Northampton, Mass.

SIR: With chuckling expectations I awaited Red Lewis's letter to DeVoto, only to be driven with disgust to the use of vile and profane exclamations. When Red opened with his puerile personality on DeVoto's name, I snorted, What the hell! And when I found the same theme running throughout his letter, I ejaculated words unprintable. Why, oh why, did Red do this?

I'm ashamed to confess it, but the only parts of Red's letter I can recall are these personal slurs on DeVoto's name, on his pen-name, and Red's calling him frog-face. Oh yes, I do recall one more item: Red's being "reasonably polite" to DeVoto the first time they met. That was indeed nice of Red. But it wasn't nice of him to expose their private conversation. Red hasn't seen DeVoto for a coon's-age. Gosh, how I'd love to be an interested spectator at their next meeting.

I am almost constrained to believe that Red resorted to personalities with malice of forethought: I suspect that he thought this would be the only part of his letter worth remembering.

J. C. EDWARDS.

St. Louis. Mo.

SIR: I see that most of your correspondents who criticized Sinclair Lewis for his violent attack on Bernard DeVoto apparently missed the point and the beauty of Mr. Lewis's whole argument. Lewis was actually doing a magnificent piece of satirical criticism, using as his point of departure DeVoto's own scorn for the "uninstructed gentleness" that seems to be dominating too much present writing. Mr. DeVoto furthermore advocated the return to critical respectability of words such as "Fool" and "Liar." All Mr. Lewis did was to fill Mr. DeVoto's order. It was unfortunate for Mr. DeVoto that the fulfillment should have come through so soon and on his own book. I can agree with Mr. DeVoto's argument against the writers of the twenties, but he comes close to destroying it by overstating his case and banging away so stupidly and so futilely against Van Wyck Brooks.

HAROLD BENSON.

Chicago, Ill.

"Do you think it will help me to hold my cook?"

Mr. Gelber and Dr. Lin

SIR: Mr. Lin Yutang's "Between Tears and Laughter" has had a large circulation and his opinions have excited controversy. As Mr. Lin Yutang appears to offer proof by exact page references for his indictment of other writers, I should be grateful if you would permit me through your columns to warn readers that even when he attempts to document his charges he is often inaccurate.

My book "Peace by Power" incurs his wrath and furnishes him with the title of a chapter. But the passages he cites are either wrongly quoted or so ripped out of their context that they seriously alter my meaning. Since Mr. Lin Yutang's methods of debate are of some public and international importance, I would like to invite comparison between my views as he purports to give them and as they are actually published in "Peace by Power."

The Canadian edition of Mr. Lin Yutang's work attributes to me the following confused statement: "In reality the war is one for power—for power of the Democracies before it is a power for democracy itself."

What I wrote about the war and democracy was this (Page 68): "In reality the war is one for power—for power by the democracies before it is a war for democracy itself."

Mr. Lin Yutang argues that I am "for" Versailles. My contention about Versailles is as follows (Page 55): "If the case against the 1919 settlement had not been propagated with such assiduity, we would give it more credit for having delivered multitudes from an alien yoke. But with concern over injustice towards Germany still widespread, those she has trampled under foot get even now less than the sympathy to which they are entitled. There must, it is claimed, be no new Versailles. In some respects, particularly the economic, that may be so; but in other respects it is not. The settlement of 1919 touched many peoples and involved many factors, some good,

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some bad, not just one. No new Versailles? No new Versailles for whom?"

Mr. Lin Yutang asserts, with all the evidence against him, that I want the future of humanity to belong to what he—but not I—calls the "Anglo-Saxon powers." Pages 124-128 of "Peace by Power," which cover this point, say no such thing. What I did say was that "no exclusive hegemony of the English-speaking peoples is contemplated; what they do must be in the company of men of goodwill everywhere." (Page 128)

Those pages were written, I might add, at a stage in the conflict when Russia's survival was problematical. Recognition of her vast role may, nevertheless, be found there and elsewhere throughout the book. The Appendix was included explicitly to lay stress on the significance of Russia's part not only as I had seen it long before the war, but as it has already turned out for the post-war world.

On the vexed topic of imperialism, Mr. Lin Yutang resorts to a garbled passage in order to present me in what he deems a sinister light. He quotes me as saying that, while an Italian imperialism would be execrable, the reinforcement of American imperialism will be acclaimed by all level-headed, free men everywhere! The reader might not suspect that I had also expressed myself in that connection about German and British imperialism or that from the sentence on American imperialism certain vital terms are deleted.

When read in full, my remarks ("Peace by Power"—Page 140) are, I think, not unreasonable: "If German imperialism is finally victorious that will be horrible; if the imperialism triumphs which bred the concept of the British Commonwealth of Nations mankind may breathe easily once again. A victory for Italian imperialism would have been execrable; the reinforcement of *that* American imperialism *which, since the turn of the century, has rendered the United States ever more capable of defending the Western Hemisphere* will be acclaimed by level-headed, free men everywhere." The words and phrases in italics are the ones Mr. Lin Yutang omits. By ignoring the first sentence in the foregoing passage, Mr. Lin Yutang conveys an incomplete impression of my views; by tampering with the second sentence he conveys an impression of my views which is gravely distorted.

Would Mr. Lin Yutang have preferred our war against Japan to have been fought without the United States having developed the Panama Canal or held Hawaii and Alaska, or does he believe that the general war might have been waged more successfully if she had not occupied Puerto Rica or had not leased the defensive bases from Britain in 1940?

From the grim experience of two global wars, Mr. Lin Yutang draws the curious lesson that a free world would be safer if the British Empire were weakened or destroyed. At heart he presumably feels the same way about the colonial possessions and strategic effectiveness of the United States. Yet without strong friends and allies what hope is there for his native China, what chance for carrying out the great decisions of the Cairo Conference?

Mr. Lin Yutang is, however, at liberty to interpret the facts as he pleases. What he may not do is misrepresent the facts upon which his interpretation is founded.

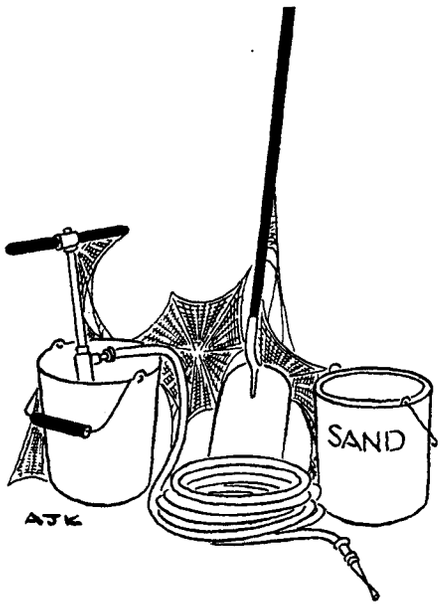
LIONEL GELBER.

Toronto, Ont.

SIR: Thank you for allowing me to read the correspondence by Mr. Lionel Gelber on the so-called "misrepresentation" of his views in my "Between Tears and Laughter."

I have not wrongly quoted his passages, nor are they "so ripped out of their context that they seriously alter" his "meaning." I have devoted only one paragraph to a summary of his views in his own words, and the quotes I give are typical of the thesis and contention of his book. There are necessarily omissions in such a compressed summary; but if I were to quote his passages more fully, I am afraid the effect would be still more damaging among readers who do not agree that this war is only a war for power.

Mr. Gelber is able to point out only one unintentional verbal inaccuracy, due to my copying in longhand, involving a preposition. I still do not see how the meaning of the sentence is perceptibly changed. "In reality the war is one for power—for power of [instead of *by*] the democracies before it is power for democracy itself": this is his own version. Where I left out a qualifying clause about American Imperialism, whose reinforcement, he says, "will be acclaimed by level headed, free men everywhere,"



I did indicate the omission by a series of dots. Now what is the context of that statement about reinforcement of American imperialism which he in his sincere belief has every right to acclaim? "But," so runs the context, "among the paradoxes of debate upon this war, few have been more odd than the tacit assumption of friend and foe alike that to call it a struggle between rival imperialisms was to belittle the Allied cause. Yet, as with the conflict of 1914-18, that is a perfectly accurate description. For there is nothing irremediably sinister in modern imperialism unless you make it so. It all depends on whose imperialism you are talking about. . . ." (pp. 139-140) Then follow those two sentences containing the comparison of German and British imperialism and of Italian and American imperialism. In the next paragraph, he then makes the very lucid statement, "Much more refreshing is it to agree with Mr. Lindbergh that this war's prize is the balance of power." (p. 141). I am therefore representing Mr. Gelber's views fairly when I say that he regards it as "a perfectly accurate description" of this war to call it "a struggle between rival imperialisms." The omitted qualifying clause does not deny this standpoint, but only gives the reason for his belief why American imperialism should be reinforced.

Mr. Gelber's thesis that this is a war for power is perfectly clear; this main thesis in his book is repeated again and again, including his defense of Versailles and his profound regret that the *status quo* was "villified." Mr. Gelber has the right to his belief, and there is no reason why he should disclaim it now. He should hold on to it, unless he has changed his mind. I objected to his cynical thinking about our war aims, and tried to show in my book that this intellectual cynicism will inevitably lead us to a third World War. But he says in the very first chapter of his book, "Let us be perfectly frank with ourselves. There is nothing cynical in a plain recognition that this is also a war for power . . . none but the frivolous can wonder what the war is about." (p. 10) I am wondering what the war is about, but I am not frivolous, I am deeply concerned.

LIN YUTANG.

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Rascoe on "The Razor's Edge"

SIR: That was a splendid review by Harrison Smith of W. Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge," except for a forgivable lack of knowledge of the whole body of Mr. Maugham's work. Mr. Smith confesses he has not read "Liza of Lambeth." If he had, he would not have written: "It would be impossible, one presumes, to startle him with any manifestation of human behavior . . . provided that . . . the drama was among the middle or upper classes. . . . Granted that the lower classes, social

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revolution, the brotherhood of man was not his business. . . ."

This sort of thing, I know, is the fashion to say about Maugham among superficial book reviewers who are still suffering from hang-overs from the heydey of the Popular Front. Because of certain popular short stories of Maugham's which appeared in Mr. Hearst's *Cosmopolitan* and dealt with characters in the upper, or governing, classes of Great Britain, it became the thing to say that Mr. Maugham is only a confectioner and a snob. Actually Mr. Maugham has made "the brotherhood of man" more his business than any other British novelist of his time.

"Liza of Lambeth" should have indicated to Mr. Smith, by its title, that it is about a girl in the slums of London. Just how this novel was treated by the book reviewers of the time is indicated by this passage from Mr. Maugham's second novel, "The Making of a Saint"; in an introduction allegedly by one Giulo Brandolini (who is, of course, Mr. Maugham himself):

"I have a friend who lately wrote a story of the London poor, and his critics were properly digusted because his characters dropped their aitches, and often used bad language, and did not behave as elegantly as might be expected from the example they were continually receiving from their betters."

Since his days as a hospital interne in Lambeth, where Mr. Maugham lived and got his material for "Liza," a novel berated by the reviewers because it was not about "a better class" of people, Mr. Maugham has been interested in depicting people, not "classes," and his range has been from scoundrels to saints, guttersnipes to depraved members of nobility. He has never been interested in furthering the cause of some ephemeral set of opportunists or in parroting their catchphrases.

BURTON RASCOE.

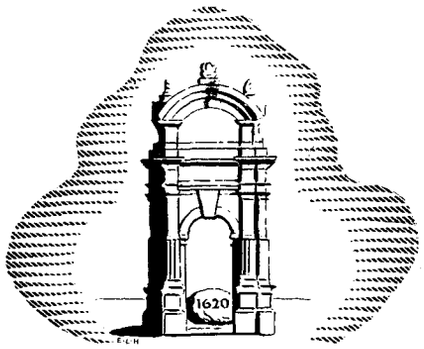
New York, N. Y.

[*Mr. Maugham's "Liza of Lambeth" was a first novel and was written forty-seven years ago. Since then the author's heart seems to have moved from the lower to the upper brackets of society.*—HARRISON SMITH.]

"Buttons" Smith Finds a Link

SIR: The publication of Catherine Drinker Bowen's "Yankee From Olympus" provides new ground for speculation as to the putative relationship between the Holmes family in America and Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street, London.

The late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle knew both the great jurist and the great detective, of course; and he had, incidentally, a far greater regard and affection for the former than for the latter. The significant link in the chain, however, is not this common third-person acquaintanceship; it is, rather, the fact that the respective subjects of Miss Bowen's and Dr. Watson's writings were both related ancestrally to the talented Vernet family of France, and hence, collaterally, to each other. Mr. Rolfe Boswell is now engaged in tracing this relationship in its finer details, and perhaps Miss Bowen could be induced to lend her aid to the research.



The genetic influence from the source in question is manifest in the capacities and characteristics of the Holmes family to a remarkable degree, and the English and American branches show many common traits. Certainly if there was ever an autocrat of the breakfast table, it was Sherlock Holmes!

EDGAR W. SMITH.

New York City, N. Y.

Pretty Librarians

SIR: A librarian proposes that pretty girls be utilized more in libraries than was the alleged case in olden days. Chicago libraries have quite a line of young chicks working but there is quite an added feature necessary to library work. That should be library workers who can talk all day long to their public about books. In a long career as library goer I have come across only one girl who ever volunteered to say a word about a book on her own accord. I would say this privilege should be allowed librarians and it should be considered one of their rights—to discuss books with customers—if customers are willing. Thus we will have book talk in America.

CARL PETERSON.

"Factale"

SIR: On the "Letters to the Editor" page of *SRL,* April 1, Frances Whiting requested suggestions for a new word that would describe a book that is at once factual, colorful, and dramatic, yet which utilizes fiction techniques. How would "factale" do?

MRS. ELINOR K. EVANS.
U. S. Army Librarian,
Camp Blanding, Florida.

Touchy Subjects and the Movies

SIR: Mr. Tiffany Thayer should have addressed his letter, as he so coyly suggests, to Mr. Rice and not used the *SRL* as a trumpet to blast forth his igorance. Incidentally, none of the gentlemen in question know much about the movies! This list will be self evident:

"The Ten Commandments," "The Jazz Singer," "The Cohens and The Kellys," "Disraeli," "They Won't Forget," "The Dreyfus Case," "Imitation of Life," "Green Pastures," "Life Boat," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Gone with the Wind," "Major Barbara," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Grapes of Wrath," "The Ox-Bow Incident," "Fury," "Winterset," "The Magic Bullet," "Birth of a Baby," "Is Your Daughter Safe," "V. D.," "Where Are Your Children," "Street Scene," "Boystown," "The Great McGinty," "Citizen Kane," "John Doe," "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," "Mission to Moscow" and "Blockade."

If this list proves anything, I hope it proves that the "Hollywood Moguls" do not exclude certain topics from the screen because of "children, adolescent minds, the local priest, banker, or mayor."

MRS. REGINA LESSER.

Bexley, Ohio.

The Documentary Touch

SIR: A. W. Diller's littlewillieism, *SRL,* April 22nd. With all due respect, "Little Willie" is a butter-in, in that one which Mr. Diller begins, with "Little Willie's dead, etc., etc." In the original Max Adeler (Charles Heber Clark, 1847-1915) version it starts: "Little *Alexander's* dead, etc., etc." It also should be, the final line: "*With* his Uncle Jerry," not "beside." Old Max's stuff, a lot of it, makes good reading, yet, and conducive to bellylaughs a-plenty.

ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY.

Harrisburg, Penn.

Spoonerisms

SIR: I am enjoying greatly the current contributions of "spoonerisms," which is not to imply that the more substantial items in the *Review* are without appeal. In connection with the former, however, I am moved to acquaint you with the annual predicament of a former English professor of mine as a result of having announced, one year, that "Next week we will begin a comparative study of Sheats and Kelley."

It is indeed a treat to receive the *Review* in this most isolated of places, and a joy to the heart of this former teacher and student—a stimulant to memories of golden hours past and a kindler of strong hope in the challenge to achievement in the time ahead.

FRANLIN A. DOTY.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.

Kipling was Sure

SIR: The "sumac-sugar" story is apparently a hardy perennial, but it's a great mistake for Trade Winds to pin the medal on Shaw when there are so many of my generation still alive who remember distinctly that it was Rudyard Kipling who leaned across the table, when a young woman made pronouncement of the uniqueness of pronunciation of the two words, and blandly asked "are you sure?"

C. H. BUNTING.

Madison, Wis.

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The story behind a great American novel!

The most spectacularly successful novel and one of the most highly praised books of the year was written in her middle years by a woman who had never before attempted full-length fiction. This startling fact becomes easy to understand when one knows something about Lillian Smith and her lifelong activities.

Miss Smith is the daughter of a well known, deeply respected Southern family. Many of her earliest and dearest memories are of the free companionship she shared with Negro children, memories clouded by the bitter knowledge that this happy friendship couldn't continue. Unlike most Southerners, she determined to learn why a division between the races had been forced upon her and, understanding the reasons, she resolved to do something about it.

She did. Through the medium of her own voice and pen; from lecture platforms; in countless living rooms; in the pages of many publications and, finally, in those of her own magazine, *South Today,* she has fought to give reality to the simple anthropological fact—to the basic American doctrine—that all men are created equal as human beings. In *Strange Fruit* this reality is given creative, artistic expression. It is clear to any intelligent reader that this remarkable novel could not have been contrived or manufactured, but had to grow as a major experience of its writer's lifetime.

Because Miss Smith knows how much of the South's racial problems are inherent in the relationships between white and white, much of her books deals with the conflicts among and within the families of "white town." To many readers, for instance, the situation involving Tracy Dean, his sister and his mother, is as important and revealing as that other situation which arises when Tracy meets Nonnie and picks his perilous way across the tracks into "colored town."

That this book should have been so enthusiastically received throughout America has been deeply gratifying to its author and its publisher. Especially rewarding has been the enthusiasm of the South for the work of one who is warmly respected there.

To show how the American people, as a whole, reacts to a true work of art, we give you these sales figures in the belief that all of literate America may take pride in them: almost 20,000 copies were sold before publication; 6,000 were sold in the first week; 7,000 the second week; 17,000 the third week; 19,000 the fourth week; 18,000 the fifth week; 18,000 the sixth week; 22,000 the seventh week, and 19,000 the eighth week. 225,000 copies are now in print and more have been ordered. $2.75

by Lillian Smith

STRANGE FRUIT

Reynal & Hitchcock
New York

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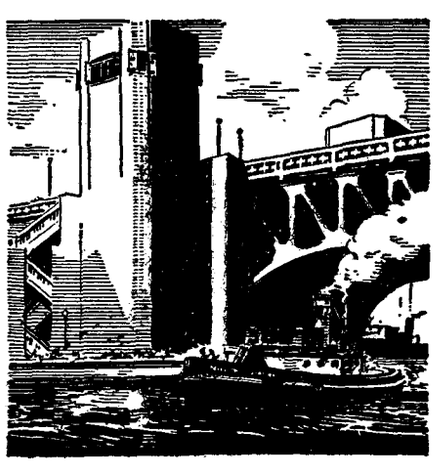
TRADE Winds

CHICAGO INTERLUDE

THE ALMOST-SIMULTANEOUS publication of five new books by young writers from Chicago and thereabouts suddenly jolted that city's critics into a realization that a new day indeed had dawned in Midwestern literary history; that the necessity of dwelling on garbled memories of antics of the Hechts, Floyd Dells, Covicis, and Harriet Monroes of a quarter of a century ago was gone, glory be, forever. One of the five new books—Clare Jaynes's "These Are the Times"—was a Random House publication, and I journeyed to Chicago to attend the launching ceremonies. When the folks out that way decide to honor a native son or daughter, there's nothing halfway about the effort. I won't recover for weeks.

Railroad travel between New York and Chicago, of course, is not what it used to be. Trains are overcrowded, late, and stripped of de-luxe equipment. The New York Central, however, seems to have made it a point of honor to maintain one train, its Twentieth Century Limited, on a prewar scale of magnificence. It takes seventeen hours now instead of sixteen, but the added hour makes the ride only smoother and more comfortable. The beautiful new sleepers, diners, observation and club cars designed by Henry Dreyfuss are preserved intact; the service is pluperfect; they even have steak on the menus. Extra sections have been abandoned for the most part, and the Century is sold out therefore weeks in advance, but I'm sure it's good for the morale of the public—and the entire Central personnel—to keep this one famous train up to par. Sprawling happily in the observation car as we glided up the Hudson Valley, I thought of the Englishman who dined at the Savoy in London and demanded a three-inch-thick sirloin, smothered in mushrooms, bernaise sauce, and fried onions. The waiter listened patiently and commented, "Are you ordering, sir, or reminiscing?"

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to be in Chicago for more than an hour without becoming involved in a violent discussion about McCormick's *Tribune* and Marshall Field's *Sun*. This was particularly true in my case, since I had ventured to compare their literary sections in Trade Winds a few months ago. Several booksellers had saved *Tribune* reviews to prove to me that some of the Colonel's blind prejudices and distorted reporting *had* seeped over into *Tribune* book reviews. Undoubtedly, in the two years that elapsed since I was in Chicago last, the *Sun* has improved immeasurably in every department; the *Tribune* is more biased, unreliable, and subversive than ever. Its coverage of the Sedition Trial in Washington is angled in such a way that the Government seems to be the defendant, and deserves about thirty years at least. Its affection for the crackpots actually on trial is understandable enough; they sound as though they had been weaned on an exclusive diet of McCormick editorials. A Chicago wag suggested that the Colonel ought to rename the *Tribune* Tower "Hyde-from-Roosevelt Park." The Field forces didn't help his digestion any when they erected a sign directly opposite the *Tribune* entrance trumpeting "Read the TRUTH in *The Chicago Sun!*" Latest official circulation figures (as of September, 1943) show the *Tribune* second in the entire country with a daily average of 940,751. Hearst's *Herald-American* is seventh with 471,866; the *Chicago News* is ninth with 412,148; the *Chicago Times* is tenth with 399,054; *The Sun,* though still in its swaddling clothes, has climbed to nineteenth place with 291,564. Everybody knows that if the *Tribune* is really to be knocked off its perch, *The Sun* will have to do it. The size of these circulation figures emphasizes the importance of the Chicago press in the national scheme; a rich, densely populated, and pivotal area of a thousand square miles is influenced by its policies; one Colonel McCormick can do more damage to future relations with our English and Russian allies than the whole lot of twopenny nonentities now on trial in Washington.



—Drawing by Timmons, from "The Chicago," by Harry Hansen.

Whether or not the *Chicago Tribune* literary department agrees with the owner's politics I cannot say. By tacit consent, we stuck resolutely to literary topics while we were together. I can vouch for the fact that they are first-rate company and jolly dinner companions. That includes Fanny Butcher, Kenneth Horan, Vincent Starrett, Charles Collins, Claudia Cassidy, Felix Tomei, and, above all, Fred Babcock, who correlates their efforts and is doing an outstanding job. On the wall facing Fred's desk are a score of photographs. I presumed that they were authors until I saw their underpinnings. Then I recognized Betty Grable, Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Dietrich, Lamarr, and other literary greats. Fred says they help him contemplate novels, but I think he's making a typographical error.

I HAD HOPED to meet the fabulous McCormick in person, but he was off on a lecture tour. Besides, I might never have been able to run the gauntlet of guards who bar the way to his sanctum. A private elevator is reserved for his personal use alone. One day, they tell me, the Rhode Island legislature passed a bill that displeased him. Out into the *Tribune* lobby he strode, and snipped one star from the American flag that waved there. At a picnic for *Tribune* employes, a truck drove up and circled the field. A ramp was moved up to the rear door, and down it rode the Colonel on a black stallion. He spoke a few precious words to the awed assemblage without dismounting, and then rode back into the truck, which disappeared in a cloud of gold dust. Colonel McCormick wrote a memorable letter to a subscriber in 1942, in which he claimed credit for introducing the ROTC into schools, and persuading the Army to take up machine guns, automatic rifles, and general mechanization. He declared he was the first officer to advocate an alliance with Canada, fortification of Guam, and a two-ocean Navy. He also told the Administration "that airplanes could destroy battleships," "got the Marines out of Shanghai," but couldn't quite "get the Army out of the Philippines." What a man! Carl Sandburg read this extraordinary document and murmured, "And on the seventh day He rested."

THE SUN'S literary section has kept pace with the rest of the paper; it is now a permanent and essential fixture of the Midwestern literary scene. Its colorful editor, A. C. Spectorsky,

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may be in the armed services by the time this article appears. . . . In the space of a single year, David Appel's book reviews in the *News* have come to mean as much in actual results to Chicago sales as those of his indefatigable predecessor, Sterling North. . . . Frank Knox's death should not affect the general editorial policy of the *News;* under the guidance of Paul Mowrer and Lloyd Lewis it has become one of the best evening papers in the country. Lewis is so busy that he has not had time even to think of another book of his own. "Sherman, Fighting Prophet" took years of research. His wife said bitterly at the time, "I lost my poor husband in the Civil War." When the book turned out to be one of the great biographies of our time, she forgave him.

THE CHICAGO BOOKTRADE is booming. The Krochs celebrated their thirty-fifth wedding anniversary while I was there. Mr. K. and Bill Goodpasture of Brentano's, after watching countless books lay an egg, extended their range to a sizable chicken farm, which they own jointly, and which is now in operation. Crowds in the Carson, Pirie, and Scott book department grew so big that Ralph Henry tossed out the whole circulating library to make room for new fixtures. Max Siegel and Paul Romaine have become important factors in the Chicago book scene. Their shops are attractive and flourishing. McClurg's have solved their labor shortage problem by employing over seventy native-born Japanese. Guy Kendall says the experiment has been one hundred per cent successful. Captain Eugene Reynal has been transferred to the Chicago district. John Frederick's literary broadcasts have built up a tremendous audience response in the Midwest. Chicago hotels have gone very, very English; their dining rooms bear such names as the Pump Room, the Buttery, and the Mayfair Room. All of them are jammed. The Pump Room features Russian specialties served on flaming swords. One inebriated newspaperman demanded an order of scrambled eggs; "And I want them served on a SABER!" he added.

AND AT THE MODEL book department of Marshall Field's—a section that always brings a thrill of joy to a visiting publisher—Rose Oller has trimmed down her weight to an unbelievable extent, and become the glamor girl of Michigan Boulevard. Three more pounds and she'll be added to the Babcock gallery! She reminded me of the time Fanny Hurst acquired a beautiful figure by means of a rigorous diet. The late Irvin Cobb followed her down Fifth Avenue for six blocks without recognizing her. Finally she said to him, "Well, aren't you going to talk to me?" "Good Lord," said Cobb. "It's Fanny Hurst!" "The same Fanny Hurst," she agreed laughingly. "Not quite," said Cobb. "It may be the same Hurst—but it certainly isn't the same Fanny!"

BACK IN NEW YORK the news that Malcolm Johnson had resigned from Doubleday, Doran hit the publishing world like a bombshell. . . . The Doubleday firm, meanwhile, was being very coy about admitting it, but gossips were prepared to swear that it had acquired a famous medical publishing house not far from New York. . . . May brought other important changes, too. Nick Wreden, popular manager of the Scribner Book Store, foreswore the retail end of the business for a big executive post at Dutton's. Graeme Lorimer resigned from the *Satevepost* to become a literary agent. Constance Smith left *McCall's.* Howard Fast and *Scope Magazine* parted company before a single issue had gone to press. . . . When Mr. Willkie's "One World" hits the screen, some of the most important sequences probably will come from the drawing board of Walt Disney, á la "Victory Through Air Power." . . . Eric Johnston, author of "America Unlimited" is being groomed for a post more powerful even than the Hays office in the motion picture industry. . . . June Havoc, musical comedy star, and, incidentally, sister of Gypsy Rose Lee, was taken to a lit'ry party at the Columbia Faculty Club. She took one look at the venerable characters decorating the premises, and gasped, "I never saw so many extinguished gentlemen before in my life!"

BENNETT CERF.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Adventure of the Dying Detective," by Conan Doyle.
2. "Lorna Doone," by Richard Blackmore.
3. Paul Revere, in "Paul Revere's Ride," by Henry W. Longfellow.
4. Major Kingman, in "Friends in San Rosario," by O. Henry.
5. Basil Underwood, in "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight," by Rose Hartwick Thorpe.
6. Roderick, in "The Lady of the Lake," by Sir Walter Scott.
7. Bess, in "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes.
8. Earl Williams, in "The Front Page," by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.
9. Denis Moore, in "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.
10. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.

THE MAY CRIME CLUB SELECTION

THE CASE OF THE Dowager's Etchings

by Rufus King

author of *A Variety of Weapons*

● Carrie Giles, otherwise known as "The Dowager" didn't think murder was in good taste, but when her immaculate lawn began to be cluttered up with it she entered the case with elegance. Opening her family mansion to overcrowded war workers meant closing it to serenity, with the advent of a dead man, but Mrs. Giles snooped so graciously that the killer never saw the iron hand for the velvet glove that encased it. Who among "The Dowager's" roomers was not too refined to kill?

* See back of any new Crime Club mystery for explanation of this and other identifying symbols.

At your bookseller's, $2.00

THE CRIME CLUB

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The Flavor of Midwestern Life

OUT OF THE MIDWEST. By John T. Frederick. New York: Whittlesley House. 1944. 401 *pp.* $3.50.

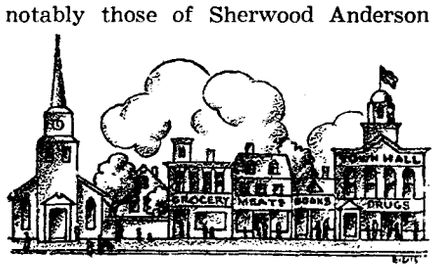
Reviewed by HARRY HANSEN

AN anthology of Midwestern prose and verse, chosen by John T. Frederick, suggests at once the rolling plains, the fields of wheat and corn, the overflowing rivers, the smoke-filled towns, and men and women busy at the plain tasks by which they make a living. It suggests also that the record of their activities and aspirations is made in an unpretentious, direct English and that the themes are at home on this land. All this is verified in the fifty-odd selections that convey the flavor of Midwestern life without even crowding the well-printed pages of this book.

Few anthologies have such unity and the reason may be found in Mr. Frederick's valuation of literature. Editors invariably assume that they must prove something or make converts; they have to show that they can recognize great prose or fortify their literary dogmas. Mr. Frederick seems interested solely in the life-giving spark of creative writing, and when he finds it he commends it. His hospitality is suggested by certain statements in his introduction. To him three of the greatest writers of the Midwest in the nineteenth century were Abraham Lincoln, William Dean Howells, and Mark Twain. He also praises, for various reasons, the work of Edward Eggleston, Hamlin Garland, and E. W. Howe. In the next sentence he mentions "the homely music of James Whitcomb Riley and Paul Laurence Dunbar," which will shock critics who think of them as minor romantics. Mr. Frederick, however, is not affected by currents of popularity and fashion but follows his own discernment.

In judging the work of Midwestern writers he refuses to make regionalism his measure. A writer's regionalism "is an incident and condition, not a purpose or motive." His work "has literary importance only in so far as it meets the standards of good writing at all times and in all places." If a writer reveals and interprets the people of his region to those outside, he serves a good purpose. Perhaps we should add that appreciation of regional merits is something else and may well be cultivated by the public rather than its writers, if it can be done without encouraging provincialism.

The people of the Midwest speak in their own accents all through Mr. Frederick's book, even though they are presented in the highly individualized expressions of Sherwood Anderson, Ruth Suckow, Ernest Hemingway, and even Booth Tarkington. The mere accident of Midwestern origin does not make James T. Farrell's South-side Chicago Irish compatible with Mr. Tarkington's small-town Hoosiers, but what they have to tell does. The inclusion of a writer's story or essay in this book does not necessarily imply canonization of that author by Mr. Frederick; he is interested in the play of life in these passages, although in several instances, notably those of Sherwood Anderson



and Ruth Suckow, he expresses his high opinion of their work as literature of permanent value. He can find merits in many authors whose work is not monumental; he mentions exact characterization, warmth and tenderness, vitality and gusto, "warm reality," as qualities of writing and his sympathies lie with those who go direct to living men, rather than to books, for their material.

It is true that Mr. Frederick has tried to give representation to writers from the four quarters of his Midwestern section and that this probably accounts for the sheaf of sayings by Abe Martin (Kin Hubbard) which, to me, are just conventional Midwestern wisecracks, written for a newspaper feature. E. W. Howe followed the same practice in his "Country Town Sayings" and every newspaper had similar bits. Sometimes one paragrapher would quote another and add his own gibe, a third would take up the banter and the first man would reprint the whole batch with new comment.

Mr. Frederick has a love for the vernacular, especially of farm life, and his reprinting of Willa Cather's "Neighbor Rosicky" leads in this category. He is also responsive to the moods of towns, bridges, and boats, and we have to thank him for reviving one of Ben Hecht's impressionistic sketches of Chicago, the story of a bridge on a winter's evening by Edward Harris Heth and a section of Walter Havighurst's "The Long Ships Passing." Carl Van Doren, Phil Stong, Thomas Hart Benton, John Selby, and William Allen White caught authentic notes of the Midwest in Mr. Frederick's opinion, and he has no blame for Edgar Lee Masters, whose epitaphs of Spoon River have "extraordinary merit" and whose "Spoon River Anthology" he describes as starting "one of the strongest impulses toward literary activity in the Middle West since 1900."

So Strange

By Sarah Sanborn

SO strange how some things tie up together;
From here and there one catches a word,
The name of one who flew from an unnamed spot,
And then the name and the spot mentioned somewhere else,
For a different reason.

A scrap of paper with a poem,
And the name torn off,
And then a quotation and the name told.
A dream, often repeated,
Of a hill
With winding streets and close-set houses,
And then by chance
A visit to the place
And the dream remembered.

And no one understands
How, when for so long
You have puzzled and wondered,
And suddenly find the little piece
That springs all your thoughts together;
No one understands the feeling of discovery.
At wonder,
That the answer should have come
So suddenly,
So simply,
After so long.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of this poem is not yet sixteen years old.*]

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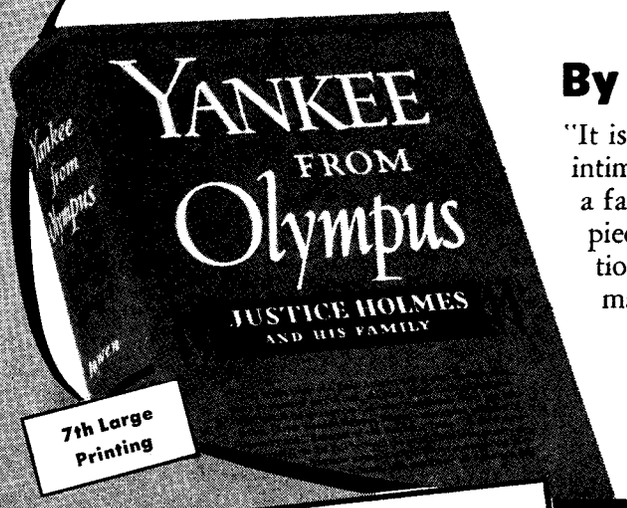
"A book to understand America by."

—*Chicago Sun*



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Medicine and Popular Education

KARL MENNINGER

IT seems that many people like to read about themselves, about their own bodies, their own health, and their own diseases. It all began a long time ago. It has been said that probably few books, aside from religious writings, influenced the mode of life of the European peoples for centuries so much as did the "Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum." This was nothing but a family doctor book published in the twelfth century by a group of Salerno physicians which was subsequently reprinted in more than one hundred and forty editions in all European (and some Asiatic) countries. It originally contained ten parts dealing respectively with rules for hygiene, diet, medicinal remedies, anatomy, physiology, pathology, "the medical heart," etc. It was written in verse and became a cheap and popular but authoritative book.

Since then the family doctor book has multiplied in form, variety, and authorship. The secretary of the American Medical Association has himself contributed one of these. Nearly every major publishing company has one on its lists. The American Medical Association publishes an excellent journal (*Hygeia*) for the edification of the public, filled each month with informative material written in popular style. Newspapers run health columns, magazines run departments, health forums are conducted, institutes organized, etc. People are urged to pay as much attention to the health of their children as to the health of their hogs, and the family doctor book takes its place along with books on animal husbandry, diseases of poultry, and the care of lap dogs.

The inference seems to be obvious: people want to read about medicine and hygiene and the doctors encourage it. The informed layman should be a more discriminating patient in the selection of a physician and a more receptive patient to the educational steps necessary in his treatment.

In the face of all this evidence of the need and desire for such reading and the similar evidence for the approval given it by the medical profession, one is reluctant to suggest that the inference is not quite as definitely or obviously in the direction I have indicated, nor is the approval of the medical profession quite so unambivalent. The truth of the matter is that doctors are not quite sure whether the public ought to get educated in this field or not. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, we are reminded, and a little knowledge is all that the average layman is apt to absorb from the amount of medical reading that he does. Furthermore, many individuals who pour over medical books do so with motives similar to those activating the inquisitive child who hopes to find in the dictionary some answers to the questions which his parents will not discuss with him. Medical treatises of this type are frequently studied by anxious, hypochondriacal persons who are seeking not so much information as treatment.

I mention these arguments not because I am dissuaded by them from a conclusion on my own part that popular education in these matters is desirable but because they are the convictions of many physicians, and perhaps also many laymen. Nor are they reasons that can be brushed aside lightly. The average physician, as I know him, is really not sure in his own mind that it is a good thing for anyone other than himself or another member of his own county medical society to give medical information to the laity. This is not, as is often rather superficially assumed, because he is arrogant or conceited or selfish or mercenary. It is for a far more subtle and significant reason. The average doctor is not superficial, nor arrogant, nor mercenary. But he is (relatively) ignorant in the field of education, in the field of political science, and in the field of public health. He really does not know much about these things and he does not know that he does not know much about them. His work days are spent in the relief of people who appeal to him for help, individual by individual, and the task of supplying help to people in groups who have not asked for it by personal supplication is something that he does not know what to do about. Armed with the justifiable suspicions above mentioned, he is apt to settle the issue promptly by disapproving the whole business. A part of the reactions of fear, anger, and dismay provoked in some physicians by prepayment medical plans is to be ascribed to such misgivings.

It has been the professional code for centuries that what people ought to be taught to keep them healthy depends upon the individual. Mrs. Jones has been taught not to eat sugar and starches because she is a borderline diabetic. Mr. Jones has been taught not to over-exert himself because he has high blood pressure. The Brown boy has to be taught to avoid minor injuries because he is a hemophiliac. But what should the Johnson family be taught?—an apparently healthy family and none of them patients of mine. "As far as I know," says the average doctor, "they should be told to eat three meals a day, get eight hours of sleep, take a little exercise and trust to luck, or to God if they are religious. If they get sick, they can call their doctor."

"Should the members of the Johnson family inform themselves about the laws of health and hygiene? Should they learn something of filterable viruses and glanders, stomatitis and protein metabolism and autonomic nervous system functions and venereal diseases and the latest theories of the etiology of carcinoma? Will it do them any good? Will it make them less likely to develop diabetes, stomatitis or cancer of the lip? Will it make them see the need of consulting me a little earlier when they take sick or following my instructions a little more conscientiously?" Well, maybe. "Will it make them worry about getting all the diseases in the book except housemaid's knee, as some medical students do the first few months in school? Will it make them meddlesome about medical regulations and practices? Will it encourage their neurotic tendencies? Will it make them hypochondriacal? Will they get a lot of confused, inaccurate conceptions?"

These are the thoughts that go through the mind of a doctor when a new family doctor book appears on the market, such as this by Mr. Ackerman,* with its careful discussion of causative agents of health and disease, the evolution of health concepts and medical practices, its thoughtful analysis of methods of evaluation, discussions of infection, resistance, transmission of infectious agents, the destruction of infectious agents, nutritional hygiene, sexual hygiene, and even mental hygiene (!). If Dr. Average reads the book, he may say "Yes, it's sound enough as far as it goes, straight stuff—interesting reading for a doctor, pretty heavy for the average reader. But what does he want to

(*Please turn to page* 28)

HEALTH AND HYGIENE. By Lloyd Ackerman. Lancaster, Pa.: Jaques Cattell Press. 1943. 895 pp. $5.

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(*Continued from page* 26)

read it for, anyway, and who is this man Ackerman? He quotes good authorities but I never heard of him."

"This man Ackerman" is a young teacher of biology in Adelbert College, a department of Western Reserve University in Cleveland. His courses are very popular with students, which is a recommendation in itself. More than that I was unable to learn.

No doctor is going to want to consider himself average. There will certainly be many doctors who would be inclined to say that the more such essentially sound, well written presentations of these topics for popular consumption, the better. The reviewer is one of these physicians. I must say that I have rarely seen any serious harm come from medical education of the laity. The public must be educated if it is to coöperate with physicians in an intelligent way. What we should be concerned with is not the existence of such books but their internal validity. I found nothing in this book contrary to accepted medical knowledge and opinion. I was impressed by the considerable space given to mental hygiene, not all of which is precisely in accord with my own view of things, but which is certainly not subversive or dangerous. I am not at all sure that the authoritativeness of such a book should be passed upon by a single individual; I do not feel inclined or competent to scrutinize every page for accuracy. But neither do I feel inclined to recommend that committees or groups of professional censorship should be set up to do this. If the public is going to read, it must prepare itself for reading some things which are trash, some things which are half right, some which are ninety per cent correct and, hence, essentially sound. (No scientific book is one hundred per cent correct or even up-to-date, by the time the manuscript is in press.) It is my impression that this book is one of the latter, that it should be read, that it will be read, and that it will do good rather than harm.

Karl Menninger, psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, is the author of "The Human Mind" and "Man Against Himself," and is the editor-in-chief of the Bulletin of the Menninger Clinic.

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But Not All Masters

ALL DOGS GO TO HEAVEN. By Beth Brown. New York: Frederick Fell Inc. 1944. 283 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

WHEN Hobo, a wire-haired terrier, was buried in an interesting community of other dead dogs, he and his mistress were delighted to discover that the somewhat drastic transition did not interfere with their usual conferences about God, life, love, death, man's inhumanity to man and dogs, and other such philosophical topics. These sketches written on a framework of dog histories and the administration of the cemetery by the dog spirits furnish a book for which the word "sentimental" is not quite adequate and the word "mawkish" is much too brutal.

It is unsafe for even the toughest literati to become involved with dogs —look at Jack London—look at Mark Twain; when gentler souls, Dickens or Dr. Brown, get off on canine topics there is certain to be a weepers' field day. It is true that the odd behavior of Dora's little dog in "David Copperfield," which once jerked tears from my infant eyes, now evokes only whoops of hoarse and ribald merriment, but I am still faintly unhappy about that Belgian mutt, and Rab, and Beautiful Jo.

With the proviso that this *is* a dog book, and that all dog books are unjust to the human race, it is a good dog book.

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The Confessions of a Zany

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ME FROM ADAM. By Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle. Foreword by Fred Allen. Illustrations by the Author. New York: Whittlesey House. 1944. 197 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

ZANIES are to countries as friends are to people. People need friends, and can never have too many of them. Countries need zanies; they help the *Zeitgeist*. Zanies are what mathematicians are not. Mathematicians understand two perpendiculars and are trying to figure out a third, which they call the fourth dimension. Zanies do not understand two perpendiculars and spend their lives at an angle. This they consider normal. They write books and try to persuade other people to live at an angle. A zany also does not understand a syzygy.

America has some of the finest zanies in the world; they are her strength. Among them are Fred Allen, Ed Gardner, Robert Benchley, and Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, a veteran of radio who has now written the usual book trying to persuade people to live at an angle. The Colonel lives mostly on a curve now, but in his writing he assumes the same old angle. He is aided and abetted by Allen, who has written a Foreword in which he tries to wriggle out of the charge of complicity in the venture. The intelligent reader will be taken in by neither of these angle salesmen. He will continue to live on a perpendicular, unless he falls on the floor from laughing, in which case he will become the base and the perpendicular will be hypothetical.

Colonel Stoopnagle was formerly F. Chase Taylor, a Buffalo lumber merchant. From lumber he went gradually into schizophrenia, where he has been ever since, laboring under the impression that he writes funny stuff. Despite certain churlish remarks passed by his enemies it is funny stuff. There is a lot of it in this book. In fact if it were not for the sales talk about living at an angle it might be labeled a funny book. Unfortunately it will have to be tagged as propaganda—propaganda for such Stoopnagle inventions as the square bathtub for not getting rings in it, a lint suit for not getting blue serge on it, a wig with hair standing on end for bald-headed men who read ghost stories, a half-blank lawn sprinkler for not watering the weeds, and a bridge so high you have to stand up under it to duck.

People who can resist these lures to a totalitarian way of angular living will find much pleasure in the purely literary portions of the work, where the author lets his sense of artistry roam free from the shackles of his Cause. There is the touching story of Adam Flansgrans, whom everyone says nobody knows people from; there is the tale of Phoebe B. Beebe and her new canoe canal.

Stoopnagle and his Foreword friend Allen are no doubt a nefarious pair, bent on tipping us all to an angle. But until they muster more strength we can afford to humor them, and let us hope they will continue to humor us. We only *think* they're nuts. They *know* we're crazy. Have a perpendicular?

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 528)

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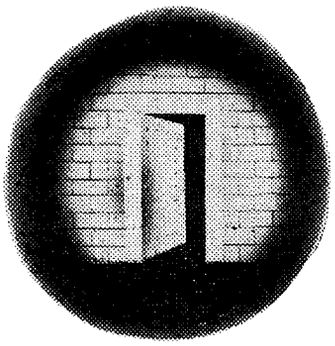

The Morgue Is Always Open

By JEROME ODLUM

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(*Continued from page* 6)

history boring, though freely using it when it suits him; the gaps being filled with discussions of "subjectivation and objectivation," of the "perfect collective," of the "true nation" and the "true state," of the distinction between "religion" and "world religion."

Being ultimately more concerned about essences than about events, Mr. Kahler finds no difficulty in giving us for almost every great enigma of Western history the "two factors" or the "three reasons" that *caused* it, and for every great departure the *first* instance. As he draws near the time of the Great Crisis, his faults grow on him, his bibliography becomes less critical, and his ideas more dangerous. He was already quite arbitrary about Renaissance art and rather confused about the philosophical origins of modern science. When he comes to the Enlightenment, the Romantic period and its aftermath, he loses touch with the concrete altogether. His pace quickens and reflection is lost in the clicking of categories. Here and there a useful observation rewards the reader—like the suggestion that Marx stood to Hegel as LaMettrie had stood to Descartes—but it takes a searching eye to make it out.

The prevailing mood of the concluding parts is fear. That is why I spoke of Mr. Kahler's ideas on recent history as dangerous. He does not seem to recognize that panic can always see to the fulfilment of its own fears. His, moreover, are grounded on the sort of summary he enjoys making about entire civilizations in the past, but which is especially inadequate to present diversity. Take his view of contemporary culture. Like every good European he stresses standardization, mechanized pleasures, and ceaseless noise. These are facts, and they belong to the history of our culture, but it is bad history to forget the modifiers; concretely, to forget the islands of quiet, say a university town, such as Princeton, where Mr. Kahler has the advantage of living and working. I do not dispute that we have lost much through industrialization, nationalism, and plutocracy; but I should like to see brought into the account the fact that Mr. Kahler—or any other scholar—no longer has to hew wood for the monastery before touching his books, nor fend off sudden attack from the overlord of Trenton or the Duke of Philadelphia.

This brings us back to our starting point. History is messy. Change occurs not along straight lines but in crisscross patterns. Consequently moral reflection upon change must do justice to a mass of similar and yet subtly dissimilar facts. As a believer in wholesale progress, shaken by "the crisis," Mr. Kahler denies both the permanence of man's character and the compensatory features of man's institutions. He wants to find one meaning for each thing, man, or age, and spur us on to fulfil the meaning assigned to us. Yet he is unwilling to persuade us; he wants History to do it for him. Well, the Muse comes from Parnassus and resents climbing a soapbox. It is not so much beneath her dignity as outside her habit. She can accompany life but not direct it. She is a helpmate, not a drudge. An orator or prophet, even a school board, may court her, and confidently expect pleasure, wisdom, strength from her society. But she simply runs away when anyone proposes domestic service, with a calculable area of housecleaning or hygienic progress as the goal of her employment.

The dread shadow of coming events

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Life Saving in More Ways Than One

FIRST FLEET. By Rex Ingraham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1944. 310 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THERE have been enough books about the Coast Guard published during the last eighteen months to justify the crack that one way of relieving the paper shortage would be to stop publishing different versions of the same material; but after each effort the boys have shaken their heads a little sadly and remarked that this still wasn't quite it. The volume before us does a good deal to clear up the mystery. There is no doubt of the writer's information or the competence of his hand. Not only the sentence, but the paragraph and the chapter are well formed, with an appreciation of the niceties of language, a keen sense of the dramatic, a careful balance in the use of anecdote, and that slight understatement in dealing with heroic actions which is required to make them sound really heroic and not maudlin. There is also now more material about the Coast Guard than ever before, since C.G. men have been hunting subs and sailing ships and driving L.C.I.s into beaches under fire. The censorship has been particularly generous about the release of material for this book, some of it appearing here for the first time.

Yet the work reveals almost the same defects as its predecessors and forces one to the conclusion that they are defects of kind, not degree. There is no more such a thing as a really fascinating history of the Coast Guard than there is a fascinating one-volume account of the early kings of Egypt—and for the same reason. There is too much of it, with no inner unity; if you try to tell the whole story you inevitably get a chronicle in which human beings appear as heratic figures on a wall.

The Coast Guard probably claims to be the premier services of the United States (it was working efficiently while the Army was still composed of drunken militia and several years before the Navy existed) but its history has been singularly disconnected. The successive administrations have never been able to agree on the area of its authority, on several occasions there were quasi-successful efforts to abolish it altogether, and the present overall directive that its function is saving life at sea dates only from Woodrow Wilson. In time of war it becomes part of the Navy and its tasks become those of the larger, militant organization.

The only Coast Guard admirals sit at decks in Washington; the Coast Guard fleet joins the Navy as a collection of small vessels, each concerned with minor individual operations, and its war history is a series of incidents.

Mr. Ingraham tells his stories with a maximum economy of words and brilliantly brings off his effects. It is no disrespect to him to say that, though this is by far the best book of the type, there simply is not space in it to enter upon the human details that bring to life such an account of a single and singular Coast Guard adventure as Lawrence Thompson gave us in "The Navy Hunts the C.G.R. 3070."

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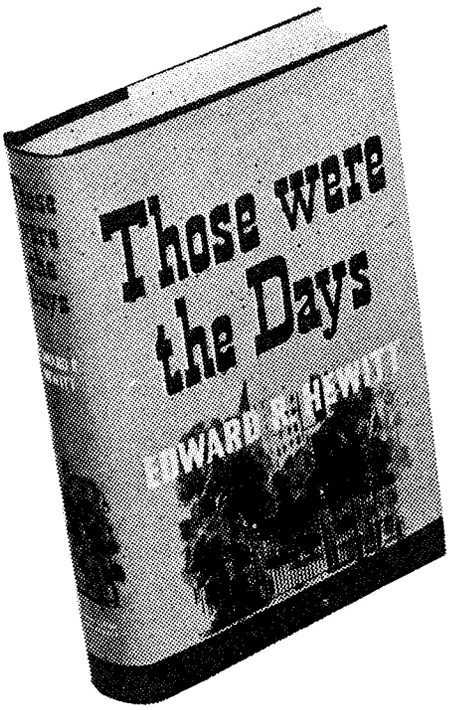

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MIDWEST BOOK NEWS

Trick Juvenile: Ralph Henry, chief of Carson Pirie Scott's book department, has collaborated with Lucile Panell of Carson's juvenile book section (who writes the verses) in a child's train book called "Chuggetty Chug," that has a pull-out train, complete even to passengers waiting to board it. Wilcox & Follett will publish it in early fall.

Big Week: Five books from Midwest writers in one week in April—"Out of the Midwest" by John T. Frederick; "These are the Times" by Clare Jaynes; "Nothing as Before" by Dorothy Sparks; "Great Stories from Great Lives" by Herbert V. Prochnow; "The Deep Blue Sea" by Raymond Knotts.

This called for an editorial in April 23 BOOK WEEK by A. C. Spectorsky suggesting that Midwest folks quit talking about the good old days and "look around at our current crop of writers, published and unpublished, and let them know we're aware they're alive, that the Midwest is still the yeasty, live, creating ground it was."

Hurried but not harried hostess: One of the busier Chicago hostesses recently was Rose Oller Harbaugh, head of Marshall Field's book department, when four book-and-author autographing parties were given in four weeks. Guests of honor included the four Coast Guardsmen featured in "First Fleet"; Helen Hiett, author of "No Matter Where"; Clare Jaynes (who is Jane Mayer and Clara Spiegel), who wrote "These are the Times"; Grace Moore, who says, "You're Only Human Once"; and John T. Frederick, compiler of "Out of the Midwest." Some fun.

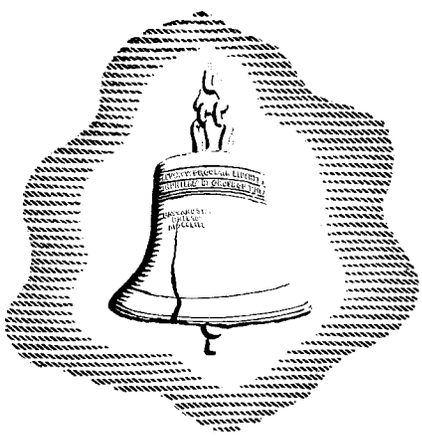
BOOK WEEK
is the Book Section of The
CHICAGO SUNDAY SUN
and the Midwest
400 W. Madison St., Chicago
250 Park Ave., New York

VARIATIONS ON A PRESIDENTIAL THEME

(*Continued from page* 9)

was the injunction given the Roman consuls. Mr. Milton's great Presidents have at least seen that the State has taken little harm. Was it just by chance that some of those who, in comparison with Washington and his half a dozen outstanding successors down to Franklin Roosevelt, seem men of natural and sterling mediocrity were not in office in 1861 or 1914 or 1933? Or did the times help materially in making the man? That the times cannot do everything is clear from Madison's failure to grow when war with England threatened and from Buchanan's paralysis when secession loomed. How true is de Tocqueville's belief that "it is not the man we must look at but that which raises the man and brings him to power"? And de Tocqueville adds that "a dwarf on the crest of a huge wave may be washed to the top of a cliff which a giant could not scale from the sands below." Well, there are examples of western European ministers who, during the crises that led to 1939, insisted on remaining dwarfs. As Lord Acton also remarked: "There is no worse heresy than that the office sanctifies the holder of it."

When they get into high office, Woodrow Wilson said, some men grow and some men swell. All of us know swell fellows who are high in the hierarchy. But the holder of an office like that of President or Prime Minister must not lose the common touch. He may rise above it but he runs great risks if he fails to yield to at least some of its demands. The British have a saying "too clever by half" and it has not been often that the cleverest men have reached summits. Lloyd George was undeniably clever, but it is probable that he would never have been Prime Minister had not the British nation needed a trump card to play in December, 1916. Mr. Churchill was kept out of the British Cabinet until the present war began. "His brains have gone to his head," Lady Oxford said of the Earl of Birkenhead. Too much brightness is equally disastrous. Of the men in Mr. Milton's list it is only in respect of the last that an opponent could think of using the phrase "too clever by half." Here imagination, initiative, leadership—yes, even assiduity—combine in making the cleverness seem no more than flair.



IN Lord Bryce's "American Commonwealth" which was published some sixty years ago, there is a famous chapter entitled "Why Great Men Are Not Chosen President." Nominating conventions, even electorates, have usually preferred safe men to able men. When Lord Bryce wrote in the eighties he could remark on the fact that Clay, Webster, and Calhoun had failed to receive the highest political prize. But four of the men on Mr. Milton's list of eight have reached the White House during the last sixty years. In their cases, to be sure, the race was not necessarily to the swift and the battle to the strong. Theodore Roosevelt became President when McKinley was shot. Wilson was nominated because his opponents killed each other off. Franklin Roosevelt's nomination in 1932 gave truth to the axiom that you cannot beat somebody with nobody. If Lord Bryce were writing now he would withdraw much that he said. Certainly the fear of Alexander Hamilton has had no basis: that he would as soon put a blind man to sorting colors as to let the people elect a President. Certainly also the national electorate has always been wiser than some state electorates have been. No one of the demagogues whom Mr. Gerald Johnson calls "The Sons of Hagar" has been within measurable distance of a nomination.

What professions seem to be most conducive to greatness in statesmen? Mr. Milton notes that six of his eight have been lawyers—George Washington and Theodore Roosevelt were the exceptions—but he also points out that no lawyer President was an outstanding lawyer before he entered the White House. Of the six only Lincoln lived entirely from the law. Jackson "probably had the best all-round legal experience but much preferred war to politics." Wilson early abandoned the law for university teaching and scholarship. Taft, an eminent lawyer of his age, was hardly an outstanding success in the White House. Elihu

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Root, more eminent, failed to secure the Republican nomination. Charles Evans Hughes, still more eminent, was nominated but missed election in 1916. Washington, Jackson, and Theodore Roosevelt had been soldiers—but in the case of the last it was a political asset rather than a mastered vocation. Will the increased importance of war in our civilization mean that the political manipulators will seek to build upon military men and put them into elective office? Has the failure of Grant in the White House been sufficiently forgotten? If not, there are dangers ahead.

For, as Winston Churchill wrote some fifteen years ago ("A Roving Commission"), the human brain is "made in two lobes, only one of which does any thinking, so that we are all right-handed or left-handed; whereas if we were properly constructed we should use our right and left hands with equal force and skill according to circumstances." And then he added this, which political opponents will one day quote against him: "Those who can win a war well can rarely make a good peace, and those who could make a good peace would never have won the war. It would perhaps be pressing the argument too far to suggest that I could do both." But Mr. Churchill is not a professional soldier.

In a speech which he made a dozen years ago, Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler posed this question: "Why are midgets so often in the seats of the mighty?" He declared that two methods of recruitment of leaders were in use: popular election in some form or another and the seizure of power by a dictator. Mr. Butler said that it was "startling for convinced believers in democracy to observe that this latter system of choosing rulers, if it be a system, appears to bring into authority men of far greater intelligence, far stronger character and far more courage than does the system of election." Well, the character turned out to be vile and the courage vain.

"There are three great magicians in the world," said a chairman in introducing a famous American prestidigitator just before the war began in Europe. "One lives in Rome, one in Berlin and one is here in the club tonight." The prestidigitator's acknowledgment was politically sound. "The comparison is not good," he said. "Between the two other magicians and myself there is one great difference. You see, *my* tricks always work." One of the dictator magicians has gone; the other is on the run. To accomplish this, Presidential power has been wisely and effectively directed. There have also been magicians in London, Moscow, and Chungking.

"Buchanan's Successor"

CONCERNING MR. LINCOLN. In which Abraham Lincoln is pictured as he appeared to the letter writers of his time. Compiled by Harry E. Pratt. Springfield, Ill.: The Abraham Lincoln Association. 1944. 145 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

GREATNESS so seldom walks in our midst that we are not likely to recognize it when we see it. To his contemporaries, Lincoln was just another President, the latest of an undistinguished series that had occupied the White House ever since fiery Andrew Jackson had dwelt there. He was Buchanan's successor, so one could hardly expect much of him.

In these letters, gathered together and annotated by Harry E. Pratt, we are enabled to see Lincoln as his contemporaries saw him. The composite picture they portray is truthful enough, for Lincoln was everything these letter writers say he was, but nearly all of them miss the one important thing about him—his greatness. Only when he was dead, and the funeral train was bearing his murdered corpse home, did Americans finally realize that Abraham Lincoln was not merely another President but a heroic figure of monumental proportions, the kind of man about whom legends would cluster and myths arise.

But myth-making distorts the truth and magnifies the real figure all out of proportion to its true dimensions. These letters, written before their subject became immortal, present a life-sized and very human picture of a man while he could still be cooly appraised and described as he actually appeared. They begin in 1856 and cover the period between that time and the trial of the conspirators, two months after Lincoln's death. And they were written by men and women in all walks of life, so that the composite portrait is a well-rounded one. This is a book that will often be quoted and referred to. It belongs in every serious collection of Lincolniana.

Life with Mother, Honduran style...

Enriqueta and I

By Argentina Diaz Lozano

An enchanting, poignant story of a pretty school teacher and her sensitive child against the exotic background of their native Honduras. Prize winning biography in the Latin-American Literary Competition. *Illustrated.* $2.50

Life with Father, Armenian style...

THE DOVE BRINGS PEACE

By Richard Hagopian

"Written with just the right proportion of Old World wisdom and New World wonder."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

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Young People's Books for Vacation Reading

—Illustration by Howard Pyle, from "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood."

VACATION reading! How good it sounds to tired minds and bodies. What mind pictures it must bring to the lucky American boys and girls who know that, in spite of war, they will have their still, cool nights, their busy, happy days out of doors. While the war rages around the world, they will glance up from their books to watch the flight of a kingfisher, a flash of intense blue against the green of the hemlock across the brook. They will trace idly the delicate, intricate pattern that the receding waves make on the white sand of a beach. They will follow with their eyes the utter harmony of a mountain range against the sky. They will sit around a campfire at night and watch the leaping golden flames while behind them in the dark, fragrant wall of silence that is the forest the little wild things go about their business. Perhaps someone will tell them the Blackfeet Indian legend of Scarface; one of the noblest stories in our American heritage. With the first words of George Bird Grinnell's fine re-telling, the boys and girls will turn, perhaps, and look at the story-teller. Because in this summer of 1944 the words have a new significance; "At that time there were no wars. All the tribes were at peace." Perhaps they will sing the American folksongs to the tuneful rhythm of a banjo or a guitar. Exercise, sunshine, clean air filled with the scent of the pines, or the salty tang of the sea will make them want to relax at times. We must see to it that their hours of leisure in this particular year are well spent.

Some of the spring books that have not been reviewed in earlier numbers are noted here. But with the new let us not forget the old. Let the younger children go again with Peter Rabbit to nibble at the forbidden cabbages in Mr. McGregor's garden. Let them follow Jemina Puddleduck down a Westmorland hill as Mr. Fox followed her —with his eyes—sitting near a cluster of foxgloves innocently reading the morning newspaper. Let Eleanor Farjeon take them again into Martin Pippin's apple orchard to the dancing rhythms of The Spring Green Lady. Read them again the chapter in Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood" when Robin first comes across Friar Tuck in Sherwood Forest:

> All was cool and shady beneath the bank. A stout osier grew, not straight upward, but leaning across the water, shadowing the spot with its soft foliage. All around grew a mass of feathery ferns such as hide and nestle in cool places, and up to Robin's nostrils came the tender odor of the wild thyme that loves the moist verges of running streams. Here, with his broad back against the rugged trunk of the willow tree and half hidden by the soft ferns around him, sat a stout, brawny fellow—but no other man was there.

For the leisure time of grown-ups, and of certain young people, a book has been published this spring that can give one of the really good things that life has to offer—contact with a keen, rich, balanced mind, with a personality that steps out from the pages and challenges our thoughts of the past, the present, and the future. This rare privilege is to be found in the book reviewed below.

MARY GOULD DAVIS,
SRL Children's Book Editor.

OF MEN AND CHILDREN

BOOKS, CHILDREN AND MEN. By Paul Hazard. Translated by Marguerite Mitchell. Boston: The Horn Book. 1944. 176 *pp.* $3.

IN the year of the burning of the books in Munich, Esther Averill sent from Paris to *The Horn Book,* in Boston, a little book called "Les Livres, les Enfants et les Hommes" by Paul Hazard. More than ten years were to pass—ten tragic and terrible years—before Marguerite Mitchell's translation was presented to an American public with *The Horn Book* symbol on the title page. On the back of this title page there is a notation that the book is "published and distributed in the public interest by authority of the Alien Property Custodian." This will mark it forever as a book that made its American debut during a war. But there is nothing of war in its pages.

It is a book to own, to go back to again and again, to place on the shelves with Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's "The Art of Reading" and Horace Scudder's "Childhood in Literature and Art." We know that Paul Hazard is, or was, a distinguished French scholar, a teacher of literature who has left his mark on students in both France and America. This book shows him to be a man of keen curiosities, of sympathy and enthusiasm who answers the questions that form in his mind by going directly to the place where they can best *be* answered. His attitude toward childhood is like that of Kenneth Grahame, who once said that "children are the only *real* people." In the chapters on "Robinson Crusoe," on "Swiss Family Robinson," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Pilgrim's Progress," you can feel his pleasure in the historic fact that children do not read merely the books that grown-ups select for them, but take for themselves the books that they consider interesting. His thesis is: "Men have always oppressed children. Children have always defended themselves," and he proceeds, with delightful zest and humor, to prove his thesis. His chapter on the famous French folktales that were first presented to the world by Charles Perrault is unique in its learning and its charm. Has any writer in either French or English ever given "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Red Riding Hood" and "Bluebeard" their real valuation before? We all know "Puss-in-Boots," but have we ever tried to imagine what it sounded like when Charles Perrault first told it to the blasé, sophisticated ladies and gentlemen of the court of Louis XIV? Walter de la Mare must have, because he worded it with the sly, delicious humor, the subtle phrasing of its French original. Charles Perrault, too, was a member of the French Academy. As you read this chapter, these tales wall into perspective.

Perhaps the most sensitive analysis in the book is of Hans Christian Andersen. Paul Hazard calls him "the very prince of all story writers for children." He was not satisfied with

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reading Andersen's stories and novels and the books about him. He went to Denmark and met people who remembered "Hans Christian." He met Louise, the little girl for whom Andersen cut out of paper with sharp scissors the "kings and queens, ladies in crinoline, clowns, landscapes, arabesques." With an irresistable mixture of vitality and scholarship he recreates Hans Andersen for us. As Paul Hazard himself lives, so does Hans Andersen live in the pages of this book.

His analysis of children's books in England, for which he has an evident admiration, is a joy to read. One chuckles over his rather rueful summing up of "Alice in Wonderland." Of the scene with the Duchess's baby.... "The Duchess," he explains "entrusts the child to Alice who wants to put her in a safe place, but the child turns into a young pig and trots away. 'We are all mad,' says a cat who figures in the hubbub and who is not the least astonishing character since he has the faculty of appearing or disappearing in the air at will. Perhaps we are not yet entirely mad; but we run a great risk of becoming so, if the story continues."

For the future, Paul Hazard reveals a profound faith in childhood. "Our taste is weary," he says in speaking of adults. "It has to have refined and complicated dishes to stimulate it. Let us think gratefully of those who, through children and for children, perform the miracles of springtime; of those who, like Andersen, rediscover the blessings of charm, freshness, and candor; a breath of pure air to inspire each generation."

The Horn Book has given this priceless book a format that is consistent with its distinguished text. M. G. D.

SERVING AT SEA

SOME FOLLOW THE SEA. By Gregor Felson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 114 *pp.* $2.50.

THE author of "Submarine Sailor" and "Navy Diver" has given us a thrilling and timely story of the Merchant Marine in war time. When Chris Hollister, aged seventeen, was not accepted by the Navy he was greatly disappointed. He had lived on the coast of Long Island all his life and had counted always on someday being a Naval officer. He was determined to serve his country on the sea.

So, with his Scottish friend, Bruce, he joined the Merchant Marine. They shipped on an old freighter bound for England with a cargo of horses. When the ship was torpedoed these horses added much to the terror and danger of that night. The two boys were many days in an open boat be-

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New Books for Vacation Reading

Baby Bears

By E. Charushin

Translated by Marguerita Rudolph
Two mischevious Russian bear cubs upset a whole village with their pranks. A Russian picture book, illustrated by George Korff. For the youngest readers. $1.00

Big Boy

By W. W. Robinson

About a big German Shepherd dog who joined the armed forces – his training, his adventures overseas, and his return as a real hero. Many illustrations by Irene Robinson. $1.50

Uncle Sam's Navy

By George Avison

Full-page action pictures of the specialists in the Navy at their jobs—the signalman, navigator, radioman, master diver, and many others. A companion book to UNCLE SAM'S ARMY. $1.00

Trudy and the Tree House

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

Trudy, reading so innocently at the top of this page, had her own tree house where she planned more mischief than her six sisters could imagine. Illustrated by Marguerite Davis. $1.50

Hearthstone in the Wilderness

By Erick Berry

Mercie Stark went with her father to make a new home in upper New York State, while Luther earned money to pay for it at the mill. A fine new pioneer story. $2.00

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fore they were rescued and landed in Scotland.

Adventure followed adventure until they reached Murmansk. Returning, on another cargo ship, they were torpedoed again. Chris and Bruce drifted on their rubber raft to a rocky island. Here they found a group of Russian boys called "Russian Pioneers." For two years these boys had lived on the island, gathering eggs and ducks for the Soviet army. Chris and Bruce became good friends with them through their leader who spoke a little English. We leave the boys watching the Northern Lights on board another ship returning in convoy to the United States.

Gregor Felson, who is serving now with the United States Marines, has written an informative as well as an exciting story. It give an excellent picture of the lives, and the problems, of the men in the Merchant Marine. Fine photographs of ships and men illustrate the book.

MURIEL GILBERT.

MYSTERY ISLE

DISAPPEARING ISLAND. By Elizabeth Kyle. Pictures by Marjorie Quennell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1944. 213 *pp.* $2.

A GOOD story with a background that will fascinate anyone who has a feeling for the British Isles. The scene is laid on an island off the coast of Scotland. Those who know them know that there is something mysterious in the very air of the Western Islands, something in their light that "is not of sea or land." John Buchan speaks somewhere of the "apple-green" twilight on Skye, a twilight that lingers until almost midnight at certain seasons of the year. It is fitting that the English brother and sister who come to spend the summer on one of the islands should find a mystery. Years before, the little son of their hostess was kidnapped. Some said that he was taken to an island beyond the "far isle" that appeared—and disappeared; that could be seen by human eyes—and then was gone. Peter and Margaret make up their minds that they are not only going to *see* the disappearing island, but are going to land on it and find little Nigel Finucane. And find him they do, with the rather reluctant assistance of Alec MacDonald who, being a canny Scotsman, wants little to do with the mysterious island and its story.

"Give me a mystery book!" say the children. Well, give them this. It is a mystery book set in an atmosphere that makes even common things strange and unfamiliar. It is, too, a good story, well told. M. G. D.

GREAT SCIENTIST

DR. GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER: SCIENTIST. By Shirley Graham and George D. Lipscomb. Illustrated by Elton Fax. New York: Julian Messner. 1944. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

THREE talented Negroes have given us an outstanding biography of the great scientist, George Washington Carver. Their book has the simplicity and dignity that is necessary to interpret Dr. Carver accurately to the public. Because he was so shy, modest, and reticent, people have very often called him eccentric. The authors have dispelled this idea and they have given their readers a closer, more sympathetic picture of the tall, stoop-shouldered, shabby old gentleman who became the close friend of Henry Ford and Thomas Edison.

Dr. Carver was born just before the close of the Civil War and, when he was an infant, night-riders kidnapped him and his mother. She died, but George was returned to Moses Carver, his mother's master, in exchange for a race-horse. Mr. and Mrs. Carver nursed George through a resulting illness of whooping-cough which left him with a serious speech infirmity. For nineteen years he was almost speechless and he turned to the animals and plants for companionship. The Carvers took wonderful care of him and encouraged his interest in plants. As a free man he could attend school and so he became a graduate of Iowa State College and the first Negro to become a member of their faculty. About 1896 he joined Booker T. Washington at Tuskeegee Institute, Alabama, and there he carried on his experiments until his death, January 5, 1943. He developed over 300 products from the peanut and 118 products from the sweet potato. In 1939 he was awarded the Theodore Roosevelt Medal and called "a liberator to men of the white race as well as the black."

The authors have put very valuable tables, recipes, notes, and bulletins in the appendix of the book. Not only will young people enjoy reading this biography but it will be a source of inspiration to many.

AUGUSTA BAKER.

THE HORNET'S STORY

THE TALE OF THE WHITE-FACED HORNET. By Henry B. Kane. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 47 *pp.* $1.50.

This story is so well told that the life cycle of an insect becomes an exciting adventure. The fine photographs and little pen drawings that illustrate it give it the value of a picture book.

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—Illustration by Chiang Yee, from "The Men of the Burma Road."

FIGHTING FOR SURVIVAL

THE MEN OF THE BURMA ROAD. *Written and Illustrated by Chiang Yee. New York: The Studio Publications.* 1943. 88 *pp.* $2.25.

This is a novel of modern China, for young and old. It tells of the Japanese invasion and its effect upon one family, of Old Lo's reluctance to give up the farm to the authorities who are planning the Burma Road, of the death of his son in battle, of the bombing of his daughter and her household, the gradual accepting through suffering of the sacrifice that total war demands. In the end Old Lo and his wife become workers on the Burma Road. An honest, realistic, and dramatic story is illustrated with delicate interpretative drawings by the author.

JULIA WARD HOWE

A SOUNDING TRUMPET. Julia Ward Howe and The Battle Hymn of the Republic. By Louise Hall Tharp. New York: Robert McBride. 1944. 237 *pp.* $2.

A BIOGRAPHY that pictures almost a century of life in America. It begins in New York in 1819 and ends in Boston in 1910. These years are the span of life of a gay, vital, impulsive girl—Julia Ward Howe. She was loved, apparently, by everyone who met her; Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Dickens, Florence Nightingale, the Greek refugees, the natives of San Domingo, the blind children at the Perkins Institute. Her childhood and girlhood were filled with action and adventure. The Civil War brought the culmination of her forces in the writing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Her old age was serene and gracious. This is not an entirely satisfying biography. But it is a great subject.

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Memo from . . .

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LASSIE COME-HOME

By ERIC KNIGHT

is still at the top of the list of Children's Books popular in libraries according to the most recent READER'S CHOICE OF BEST BOOKS put out by the Wilson Library Bulletin—and this four years after publication.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

FORTUNE IN A TRUNK

PLAIN CLOTHES PATRICIA. By Mary Urmston. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 224 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JACQUELINE OVERTON

PEOPLE make hobbies of collecting all manner of things. Great Aunt Patty Lee's hobby was collecting fine fabrics, and she bequeathed a whole trunk full of them to her niece, Patricia, in California. The contents of the trunk fascinated Patricia who instinctively appreciated nice things.

This was the summer of 1942. Next fall would come the University. Patricia was restless to do something that counted this particular summer, and the upshot of the matter was that, on the strength of the contents of Aunt Patty's trunk and with the encouragement of her friends, Patricia opened a tiny shop near her home and proceeded to design dresses for those from six to sixteen.

Altogether it was an exciting and busy summer, in which Patricia had her ups and downs and learned many things.

Girls in their teens are going to be keen about "Plain Clothes Patricia," with its talk about pretty clothes.

JACQUELINE OVERTON.

—*Drawing by Marguerite Davis, from "Trudy and the Tree House."*

THE OAK LIFE

TRUDY AND THE TREE HOUSE. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Marguerite Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 114 *pp.* $1.50.

On the Canadian side of Lake Erie Trudy's father built her a perfect little house high up in an oak tree. Trudy's six sisters were well-behaved little girls. Trudy was far otherwise. But no one could help liking Trudy. Her adventures are most entertaining. An attractive little book nicely illustrated.

TEMPERAMENTAL LADY

LIFE WITH ALICE. By Dick Richards. New York: Coward-McCann. 1944. 67 *pp.* $2.

No one who is interested in animals can resist this story of Alice, the famous Bronx Zoo elephant, told by her keeper, Dick Richards. His affection for her and her loyalty to him are evident in every page. Alice was a temperamental lady and needed care and understanding. He taught her tricks that made her popular with thousands of zoo visitors. When she died last year it was "the end of an era" to Dick Richards. The book is illustrated with excellent photographs.

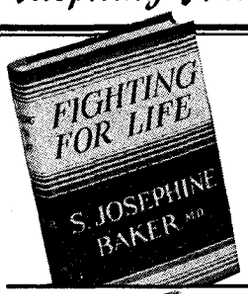
MARY GOULD DAVIS.

TWO IN A JEEP

JEZEBEL THE JEEP. By Fairfax Downey. Illustrated by Paul Brown. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1944. 150 *pp.* $2.

An American soldier in the Field Artillery selects a jeep in which to drive his captain. They go through their training together, cross the Atlantic, become part of the African campaign and the invasion of Sicily. The jeep and the soldier are "blown sky high" by a German shell. But they get home—Johnny with a "game" arm and leg, Jezebel as a distinguished part of the scrap heap. A realistic and amusing story.

Inspiring Autobiographies of Great Women



By S. Josephine Baker

Famous names from Theodore Roosevelt to Woodrow Wilson, from Louisa Alcott to Jane Addams, stud this story of Dr. Baker's full and valiant life. It is the story of a shrewd and gallant battle with ignorance and apathy, professional jealousy and politics—all to get a square deal for the children of a mighty city $3.00

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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—Drawing by George Korff, from "Baby Bears."

BEAR ANTICS

BABY BEARS; A True Story. Translated from the Russian of E. Charushin by Marguerite Rudolph. Illustrated by George Korff. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 40 *pp.* $1.

Printed in large, clear type with amusing drawings in sepia, this tells of two lively, ingratiating bears that are found by a hunter and brought to Ivanovna in the village nearby. She brings them up, with some difficulty. Their antics will amuse even very little children.

NINE DYNASTIES

DRAGONS ON GUARD. By Anna Curtis Chandler. Drawings by Margaret Ayer. Foreword by Dr. Y. C. Yang. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 190 *pp.* $2.50.

The plan and research for this are admirable. It tells a story from the art or history of nine Chinese dynasties. In each case an outline of contemporary history is given. Its weakness lies in the wording of the stories. They have no lightness, no humor.

COLOR IN THE SKY

FLIGHTS TO GLORY. By John Purcell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1944. 184 *pp.* $2.50.

Written obviously by a man who is young, keen, and well-informed, this tells of the development of our airplanes and of the men who fly them. The greater part of it is laid in the Pacific, but the European theatre comes in for a share. It is a book that rouses pride and faith in our fighting forces. Illustrated with beautiful photographs.

FOR SLIGHT SLEIGHTERS

FUN WITH MAGIC. By Joseph Leeming. Drawings by Jessie Robinson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1943. 86 *pp.* $2.

This was published last year, but it is still one of the best and simplest of the "magic" books. It will enliven rainy days at camp and in the country.

MYSTERY AT WHITE MOCCASINS. By L. A. Wadsworth. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 278 *pp.* $2.

Older girls have learned to watch for new stories by this author. In this, the house that Don Howard finds for his father and his new stepmother has a "jinx" on it. This curse is supposedly traced to an old Indian legend, but Don suspects that it is due to a more realistic cause. His solution of the mystery is natural and plausible. A well-constructed story.

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CAROL GOES BACKSTAGE ★
CAROL PLAYS SUMMER STOCK ★

★*Atlantic Monthly Press Books.* Each volume $2.00

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. • BOSTON

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The Phoenix Nest

THE GROUND'S SWELL!

"MOTHER, why was Willkie in Wisconsin dropped so hard?"
"He up and spoke too honest for the men of the Old Guard."
"What's that heaving of stuffed bosoms their emotions can't conceal?"
"Child, that's just the Ground Swell against the New Deal!"

"Why do they say that Gerald Smith is looking toward McComic?"
"Child, that's just another myth that nearly makes me vomic."
"But what's this Dewey animus America-Firsters feel?"
"Darling, that's the Ground Swell against the New Deal."

"Did they steal the words of F. D. R. and Hull about the Nations?"
"That's the new Peace Structure, dear, of the former Isolations."
"Those Miller to MacArthur letters, weren't they reely reel?"
"Dear, they were the Ground Swell against the New Deal."

"What's that flicker had by Bricker of some notion of the Present?"
"Dear, don't confuse the Governor. He's trying to be pleasant."
"On the *G. I. Bill of Rights* will Rankin set his seal?"
"No, darling. He's the grand swell against the New Deal!"

"Ma, was Mr. Spangler really born unto the manor?"
"Dearie, don't confuse him with the Marred Strangled Banner!"
"They say he puts his foots in it—he makes his foots a meal?"
"He doesn't know his grounds well against the New Deal."

"Was that *horrid* Union in Chicago up to knavery?"
"No, that great big noise you heard was a certain Mr. Avery."
"The Old Pioneer they carried out, did he slip on an orange-peel?"
"He tripped upon the Ground Swell against the New Deal."

"But why was the Press in holy horror spieling such a spiel?"
"Just to swell the Ground swell against the New Deal."
"Aren't they to their advertisers being very leal?"
"O yes, they know their grounds well against the New Deal."

"Ma, what is Free Enterprise? Or is something else?"
"Sweetie pie, it's a pretty name for the darling old cartels."
"But don't the Federal Agencies have Business at the wheel?"
"Oh yes, but all their *faults* are because of the New Deal!"

"Ma, when I grow up like you, d'ye think I'll understand?"
"It's more than many thousands now are doing in this land—
But Platform or Policy you can count on to reveal
The hypothecated Ground Swell against the New Deal!"

P.S.:
Starnes defeated, Hill supported, Pepper for the common weal!
THAT'S *the Southern ground swell against the New Deal!*

Several people have written me concerning the request from John McWilliams of Sheridan, Wyoming, about a certain verse. Miss Elizabeth Walker writes from Aberdeen, Mississippi, that several years ago she saw the verse on one of the fly-leaves of a copy of the complete works of Robert W. Service. It read

I have no doubt at all the devil grins
As seas of ink I spatter;
Ye Gods, forgive my literary sins,
The other kind don't matter!

W. W. Wilson of Millersburg, Ohio, writes that the verse was assuredly written by Robert W. Service and is, as he recalls, in a foreword to "Ballads of a Bohemian." So that would seem to settle that.

I am glad to print the following charming verse from Nell Mabey of Frontenac, Minnesota:

GIVE A DOG A BOY

Give a dog a boy of his own
And the boy will have love and he will have joy,
Will never be lonely and never alone.
Give a dog a boy.

To the lad in the faded corduroy
Each star will be an overtone
In the tinkling universe, his toy.

For he will be king of the world, his throne
A hill-top above a town named Troy;
And his soul will come alive, full-blown!
Give a dog a boy.

On April 28, the Army paper, *Yank,* printed a letter from a Negro, Cpl. Rupert Trimmingham, Fort Huachuco, Arizona. It has been sent to me by a Pfc. stationed in Georgia. He says he is not a Negro and therefore not prejudiced, but that he hates the selfish, indifferent attitude (*an understatement*—ED.) of some Americans toward the American soldier. I reprint Cpl. Trimmingham's letter just as I received it in the clipping:

DEMOCRACY?

Dear YANK:

Here is a question that each Negro soldier is asking. What is the Negro soldier fighting for? On whose team are we playing? Myself and eight other soldiers were on our way from Camp Claiborne, La., to the hospital here at Fort Huachuca. We had to lay over until the next day for our train. On the next day we could not purchase a cup of coffee at any of the lunchrooms around there. As you know, Old Man Jim Crow rules. The only place where we could be served was at the lunchroom at the railroad station but, of course, we had to go into the kitchen. But that's not all; 11:30 A.M. about two dozen German prisoners of war, with two American guards, came to the station. They entered the lunchrooms, sat at the tables, had their meals served, talked, smoked, in fact had quite a swell time. I stood on the outside looking on, and I could not help but ask myself these questions: Are these men sworn enemies of this country? Are they not taught to hate and destroy . . . all democratic governments? Are we not American soldiers, sworn to fight for and die if need be for this our country? Then why are they treated better than we are? Why are we pushed around like cattle? If we are fighting for the same thing, if we are to die for our country, then why does the Government allow such things to go on? Some of the boys are saying that you will not print this letter. I'm saying that you will. . . .

A headline in *The New York Times* recently read, "Owlett Condemns Ward Case Action." *Somebody up a tree?* Phelps Adams of *The New York Sun* in an article on how two hundred radical writers have been "Barred During Year by OWI to Place Its Own House in Order" [by the way, my Isaiah 38:1 reads, ". . . and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord, *Set* thine house in order: for thou shalt die and not live."—why can't news-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE DOWAGER'S ETCHINGS *Rufus King* (Crime Club: $2.)	Dignified lady opens mansion to war workers and gets some odd fish, plus corpse. Lodger cracks case.	Moves at swift pace through succession of thrilling and mystifying events to sudden and quite unexpected climax.	Good fun
THE CASE OF THE CROOKED CANDLE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Murder on yacht off California coast demonstrates P. Mason's ability to pull rabbits out of hats.	Mason and secretary Della Street, get into hotter water than usual in this one—but time, tide, and angles provide solution.	Another good Gardner
TRIAL BY MURDER *Grace Hoster* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Girl accused of shooting prowling uncle defends herself in court, wins freedom, and unmasks killer.	Unconventional tale, well characterized, brightly written, and deftly plotted—although it plays fast and loose with mystery canon.	Entertaining

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papers be literate?]—in this article. the OWI is reported as saying, "Persons who speak or write Spanish fluently are relatively easier (*sic*) to find, but again it is all but impossible to employ one who is not violently pro—*or anti*-Franco." Italics mine! It would seem that there is no difference! But then the State Department has wanted the American publishers to exhibit at the Franco Fair in Spain. (Good for all those who refused!) Franco, of course, is a treacherous enemy of my country, a sworn friend of Hitler and the Nazis, one who imported the Nazis and the Fascists (as well as the Moors) into Spain to fight against the established Spanish Republic—and officially we have done everything we possibly could to appease and placate him. I have no doubt that we shall continue to do so.

Oh the diplomatic kettle is distinctly on the boil.
And Hitler will get wolfram, and Franco will get oil!

My cap in air to that old Party Liner, Elsa Maxwell, for her column of Monday, May first, 1944—the best Mayday column I have ever seen! She called it "Lords of the Half-Truths," and began, "Like little Alice, we live in a Wonderland of myths and illusions. And in this wonderland the myths take the form of an endless parade of half-truths. We are asked in the words of the great Tertullian to believe these because they are impossible, 'Credo quia impossibilia est.'" She goes on to say that these half-truths are most dangerous, and that the basic myth of this cult, "Freedom of enterprise," is that it will lead eventually to freedom of the individual. "The basic myth falls to pieces when we recall that the highly industrialized America of 1944 is quite a different thing from the small-farms America of 1776. Freedom of enterprise today, as our business prophets see it, means only one thing: freedom to form monopolies. And monopolies, mind you, mean the end of freedom of enterprise." And she goes on with a lot of good stuff.

And now, my readers dear, as I really can't let the astute E. S. K. of the Crostics Club just next door get away with all the puzzles: Of what famous English poem is the following a translation, made (I may say) by Lord Curzon of Kedleston?

Avia desertae tenuit prope flumina Devae
Rara procis virgo, nescia laudis, iter.

Muscoso latuit viola ut semi-abdita saxo,
Candidior stella, quae nitet una polo.

Nota fuit nullis; vix cognita desĭt esse;
Sed jacet; ah! qui sum, qui modo qualis eram!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opionion (limited to fifty lines). Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received eight days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

PHENOMENAL FEES await humor lovers who help us prove that there are more than three original jokes. Tickle our sense of humor and earn up to a dollar a word for a short smile, to 20 dollars for a real belly laugh. Box 476-J.

POSITION DESIRED: Companion-Secretary to person, not invalid, by active middle-aged woman. Can type, drive car, handle business, social correspondence; had business experience. Musical, likes good literature, traveled abroad, speaks French fairly well, understands care convalescent nervous cases. Mrs. Frederic Hone, Care Nichols, 400 East Street, Walpole, Mass. WAlpole 383.

"THE PADDOCK," Boyertown, Pennsylvania. A delightful, informal Pennsylvania Dutch farm. Delicious home cooking; pleasant rooms; saddle horses. $25 weekly.

MATURE YOUNG MAN wishes to correspond with quiet, homeloving woman. Box 493-J.

EXPERIMENT: A QUARTERLY of New Poetry, 79 Q St., Salt Lake City, Utah, welcomes forward-looking, experimental verse. Second number out July 1. Subscription $1.00.

THEATRE-LOVING GENTLEMAN wishes to hear from personable young girl, similar interest. Box 494-J.

WILL TRADE 4 harness Structo table loom, unused, complete with warp, for bicycle, ladies or tandem preferred. Box 495-J.

YOUNG WOMAN, growing too big for her boots, because of professional success, welcomes correspondence with mature men whose attainments put hers in proper shadow. Hobbies: Music, theatre, literature, dancing, walking, people. Box 496-J.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN needs a stimulating feminine correspondence. Box 497-J.

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA and the unusual interests this cultured gentleman who desires female correspondents. Box 498-J.

YOUNGISH OLD LADY, still interesting and interested. Loves city, country; travel, home; golf, bridge; action, inaction. Write, tell me who's who, what's what. Box 499-J.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, thirtyish, cultured background, desires male correspondence. Box 500-J.

WANTED: Young man, for light, outdoor work on New Hampshire summer place, member of family. Box 501-J.

FRANCESCA D'ASSISI type of spinster seeks young parrot replace Mexican yellow-head called to psittacine paradise. Box 502-J.

YOUNG TEACHER, excellent English background, creative ability, flees pedagogy, seeks interesting position. Enjoy people, places, words, proofreading, moderate typing and dictation. Box 503-J.

TOWN WOMAN would correspond with mature gentleman liking country living, outdoors, good cooking, and reading. Box 504-J.

FOR NEW AMERICANS, 500 most commonly used words in English with phonetic pronunciation, prepared by newspaper writer. $2. P.O. Box 1556, Springfield, Mass.

PERSONALS

OCCULTISM. I am an ardent reader of everything but just discovered interest in occult books. Will students of occultism please advise me as to the best in that field or correspond with me? Am bachelor, fortyish, and welcome psychic, mystic diversion. Box 505-J.

PROBLEM B (1 × C), Y + v, where B= brawn, I=intelligence, C=college, Y=your job, challenging, unusual—well done; v= my vacation. Solve for June. Box 506-J.

WANTED: Town farm or country home, year 'round. Within 2 to 4 hours (train) of New York. Rent ($35 to $50) with option. Family (three children). Box 507-J.

ARTIST: Male, interested in sketching from photos and correspondence. May I flatter you? Box 508-J.

UP IN THE HILLS and back in the sticks—Country Retreat. Rent summer season or all year, furnishings optional, $200. Sell $2100, 100 miles Manhattan, 50 Philadelphia. Paddock, Boyertown, Pennsylvania.

LIBRARIAN, B.S., Library Science, seventeen years' experience, desires position in college or public library. Available June fifteenth. Box 477-J.

GENTLEMAN, thirtyish, raised on Keats and Kreisler, doing important but dull government work; plays, writes occasionally; drifting into an ivory tower, needs sympathetic correspondent in New York State area. Box 478-J.

BACHELOR LAWYER, Southerner, fortyish, invites correspondence from fascinating feminine attorney or other charming professional woman. Box 479-J.

FEMME, diversified interests, taking cure, invites correspondence. Box 480-J.

CAREER WANTED: Writer, 24, married, honorably discharged, seeks permanent position where initiative, ambition are appreciated and rewarded. 6 years business experience. Personable, intelligent, meets people easily. Publishing, editorial, advertising, magazine, or similar work desired. Other if interesting, lasting. Box 481-J.

ATTRACTIVE GUEST HOUSE for rent with board. Pemaquid Point, Maine. Upon request, photographs and detailed information will be given. Box 482-J.

YOUNG WOMAN will consider any position involving books and people. Box 483-J.

EDITORS, publishers: Can you use young woman with library experience and writing ability? Box 484-J.

SWISS CHALET—twenty mile views; cement swimming pool; 550 acres, mostly woods; completely furnished; sleeping ten; vegetables, eggs, chickens, milk on hand. $300 month or $1000 June to October. Swiss Meadows, Williamstown, Mass.

YOUNG MAN, familiar with precepts of D. H. Lawrence, would you exchange a few reflections with another curious to know what Lawrence's influence is? Box 485-J.

THIRTYISH but still believe in Santa Claus. There must be some intelligent man, interested in good music and literature, yet crazy enough to answer an ad like this. Box 486-J.

MATURE WOMAN, lonely. Will appreciate elderly gentleman correspondent. Box 487-J.

WANTED: Part-time secretary in Philadelphia. Proficient in shorthand and typing. Writing ability, library research experience (technical-economic) would be assets. Box 488-J.

REST OR WORK in Vermont. Slab Hollow Farm, ancient homestead, modernized, offers, serene, secluded summer, adults only, $30 weekly. References, reservations now, June 15-October 15. Hazel B. McTighe, Dummerston, Vermont.

UNSNOOTY ILLINOIS philosopher, ex-soldier, answers any letter, interest. Box 489-J.

BACHELOR, youthful, congenial, working in statistics and hating it, seeks correspondence with same interested in arts. Box 492-J.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 41)

ATTRACTIVE BUSINESS LADY, manner cordial and charming, and free from that business air, alone and lonely, desires correspondence with gentleman of similar background. Box 490-J.

FEMALE, 25, B.S. in Business, wants interesting Saturday and/or Sunday work in New York City or vicinity. Box 491-J.

WHAT IS "PSYCHIATRIC LITERATURE"? A dramatic example is A. Graves' autobiography, "Eclipse of a Mind," wherein he records his labors, amours, intimate thoughts, hopes, and despairs. Beginning with ancestral history circa 1640, through frontier days, a home life plagued with unusual tension, two marriages, seven mental breakdowns, and stark descriptions of institutional life, the narrative pursues its winding way for 736 pages amid a thousand exciting emotional disturbances. $5 postpaid. Medical Science Press, Station L, Washington, D. C.

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INTERESTING FEMALE who is anything but dumb, who rarely collides with the Collins boys, Tom and Rum, seeks exchange of letters with deep, vital, and unusual correspondent. Box 472-J.

PLAN TWO-WEEK VACATION with your own group of friends. Private residence, Maine coast, rented complete to house parties. Five double bedrooms, accommodating ten persons. Large electric kitchen, dining room, two living rooms, two baths, private beach. Five miles Ogunquit. Box 475-J.

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PLANTS TO TRADE for certain used books. Write Laura D. Cole, Grannis, Ark.

WRITING BOOK, PLAY, Story, Article? MSS doctor renders foreignisms, banalities, incoherences, ungrammaticalities—into excellent readable English. Box 471-J.

INFANTS' BOOTIES and mittens hand-knit, $1.25 per pair. State color. Box 470-J.

SHY, PHILOSOPHICAL youth, young, ex-serviceman, seeks correspondence with idealistic girl. Box 467-J.

JOURNALISM STUDENT, home typing manuscripts. Knowledge French, Spanish. Rapid, accurate. HA 4-7684. (N. Y. C.) Mornings, 8-10.

DESIGNER, lonesome in big city, young in heart, lover of all arts, desires correspondence with attractive young lady of similar temperament. Box 468-J.

DOMINIQUE seeking Howard. Box 469-J.

HUDSON HIGHLANDS, 1 hour from New York City—cabin, lights, water. Do you like nature? Quiet seclusion. J. K. Mainberger, Millroad, New City, N. Y.

YOUNG ACTRESS needs young actor to exchange lines in constructive rehearsal toward ultimate audition. Box 474-J.

EMINENT EUROPEAN HARPSICHORDIST, exiled without her instrument, wants to rent or buy a Player harpsichord. Address Box 455-J.

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PERSONALS

COLLEGE ENGLISH TEACHER (woman) seeks summer work, Chicago area. Editorial, research, copywriting—anything interesting. Available June 1. Box 473-J.

LITERARY AGENT, interested talented beginners. Specializing books, plays. K. Dennis Osborne, 542 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. 19.

LOW-DOWN BALLADS, back-country laments, enthrall this buckaroo. Sympathetic welcome. Box 509-J.

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RETIRED COLLEGE TEACHER with interesting old farmhouse (1776) in beautiful hill country takes three or four boarders. Elevation 1,200 feet. Driven well, three bathrooms, continuous hot water. Four fireplaces. Abundant garden. Weekly rates $25 and $30. Convenient train access. Box 70, R. F. D. Conway, Mass.

MALE, approaching fortyish, seeks female correspondent interested in detective fiction. Box 514-J.

WOMAN, college graduate, young, quiet, attractive, invites correspondence. Box 515-J.

TO SPEND SUMMER away from city, teacher will help with housekeeping. Cooks, sews, drives. Box 517-J.

NO-CAR BACHELOR, fortyish, hemstitched in my Boston, wants to get out in the country weekends. Suggestions welcomed. Box 518-J.

GRADUATION PRESENT for the brighter student, "Adventures in Reading" (Hayes). Diary for books read, striking anthology, information. Unique, attractive. "It fills a long-felt want in my reading life." $1.00. Money-back guaranty. COLONIAL PROCESS PRINTING CO., Harvey, Illinois.

LOOKING FOR UTOPIA—a country home, congenial work, reasonable salary. Experienced in care of nursery, landscape, farm, and garden. Excellent references. Married, no children. Recently discharged from Navy. Box 521-J.

N. Y. C. FEMALE seeks summer weekend accommodations at reasonable cost, or would render superior typing services in exchange. Box 522-J.

WOULD LIKE A COPY of the "White House Cook Book." Box 523-J.

WRITER AND FAMILY need quiet home, preferably rural, about a year. Must be livable without car. Must be cheap. Caretaking or other light duties could be assumed. References if desired. Box 524-J.

FOR RENT, desirable 11th Street apartment, New York City, large back and front parlor rooms, with gardens and porches. From May 6th to Nov. 1st. $100 to careful tenant. Box 327-J.

AVAILABLE—Furnished three-room sublet, near Gramercy Park (N. Y. C.), June 15 through August 31. Call GRamercy 7-3347 after 6 p.m.

WANTED—Bachelor, 34, will share Manhattan apartment with companionable chap. Write details to "Bill." Box 525-J.

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The Crostics Club

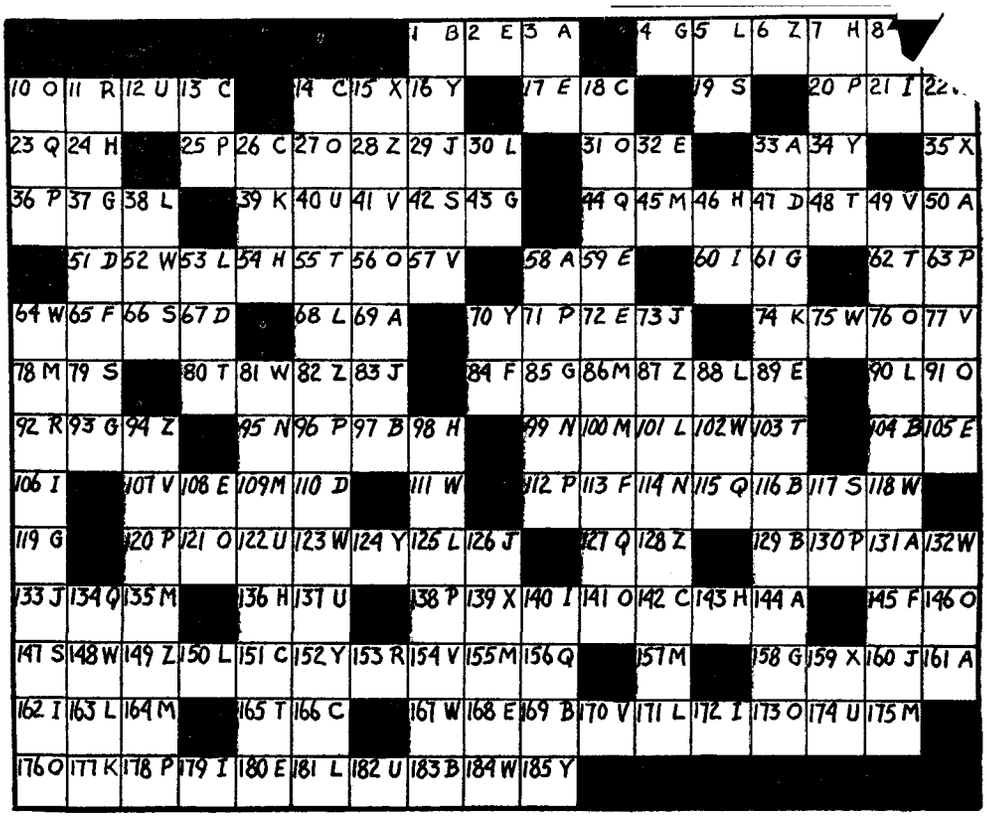
ASIDE from righteous comment on the errors that creep into our DCs despite our vigilance, I receive from time to time comments in disapproval of the relative ease or difficulty of a particular DC, or of too many new words in one puzzle, or of unfamiliar definitions of familiar words, or of the dubious choice of a quotation, or the omission of a word or longer passage from the same. Of all these practices I am aware and I welcome comment. But to save time, and at the risk of repetition to old puzzlers, I should like to answer these criticisms in bulk in this issue and the next.

The DCs, except for one for a special issue or occasion, are sent to the SRL in batches for their weekly choice, and it so happens that one may lie fallow for as much as a year while a more recent acquisition is used. Its relative ease or difficulty is thus a matter of chance. It has depended, rather, on the use I have made at the time of the combination of letters in the quotation at my disposal. A balanced combination enables me to utilize hard words I have garnered for just such a DC, whereas a lopsided mixture results in easier words. The less familiar words I try to put into the author's name, sometimes in the title if that is familiar, to keep you from guessing the whole acrostic at one fell stroke. When this scheme necessitates many new words I check up to see if I can't help you to them in the easy words of the quotation. In the final check-up I test my scheme by working it out as you might, and if I have failed to give you clues I change the distribution of the numbers among the words to be defined. My guess as to what thousands of puzzlers of varying degrees of wit and wisdom may do cannot be accurate, of that I am keenly aware. The letters in the acrostic also contribute to the relative ease or difficulty of the puzzle; for consonants, as a rule, give me more leeway than vowels. If I start with certain selected words, naturally the letters left limit my choice. It is conceivable that by changing those selected words I could strike a better all-round balance, and I sometimes do it with a result not intentional. Time is, after all, the deciding factor and as my livelihood is concerned time is limited.

An unfamiliar definition I use if I have used the more familiar one before, or if the puzzle seems easy enough to warrant such.

In the choice of quotations I try to strike a balance between the old and the new, lyrical, didactic or as it thus chances. Words or passages, provided they do not change the thought or the rhythmic pattern, have to be omitted for space limitations or to secure further on a letter or letters I need in the acrostic.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 529

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 29 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Jug or vase for oils, ointments, etc. (Classic Archeol.)

B. First opera of the Gilbert & Sullivan collaboration (Dec. 1871).

C. One of two founders of the *Edinburgh Review*.

D. Leather flask or vessel for oil or liquids (Gr. Archeol.)

E. Tendency to make different gods in a pantheon supreme one after another (Vedic religion).

F. Knot, complication, as in a drama.

G. "The fair-ankled daughter of Evenus" Homer.

H. Puzzled; uncertain (3 wds.)

I. A Hindu sect developed into a powerful military organization.

J. Hard to manage; of bad disposition (U. S.).

K. Skuld was one (Norse Myth.)

L. Opera by Smetana (with *The*).

M. To cross again—said of nerve fibers.

N. A morsel left at a meal.

O. At hand without much effort (2 wds.)

P. Destitute; pinched.

Q. Too much (It.—in musical directions).

R. To make a choice, esp. of citizenship.

S. Officer of the stable in charge of provender for horses (Hist.)

T. Covered with clay; miry.

U. Applied to early Gothic architecture in England, or period or style.

V. A warlike raid or foray esp. to steal cattle (Scot. and Hist.)

W. Opera by Umberto Giordano titled a French poet-patriot.

X. "Qualis artifex pereo" were his dying words (A.D. 68).

Y. English poet and essayist (1840-1921).

Z. Oyster plant; vegetable oyster.

WORDS

144 3 131 69 33 58 161 50

1 104 169 129 116 183 97

14 26 18 166 151 142 13

110 51 47 67

2 59 108 17 72 168 89 105 32 180

113 65 84 145

4 119 43 158 85 61 93 37

136 54 7 143 46 98 24

172 60 140 21 179 162 106

29 160 83 133 126 73

8 39 74 177

90 181 88 53 5 101 125 38 68 30 171 150 163

164 78 175 155 9 100 86 135 157 109 45

114 95 99

141 176 76 10 31 27 56 91 146 121 173

63 130 25 36 20 112 138 178 96 71 120

134 156 127 23 44 115

11 153 92

19 147 42 66 117 79

48 62 80 165 103 55

12 122 137 182 174 40

41 49 170 57 77 107 154

111 102 64 118 52 75 167 81 148 123 22 184 132

139 159 35 15

70 34 16 185 152 124

28 82 6 149 87 128 94

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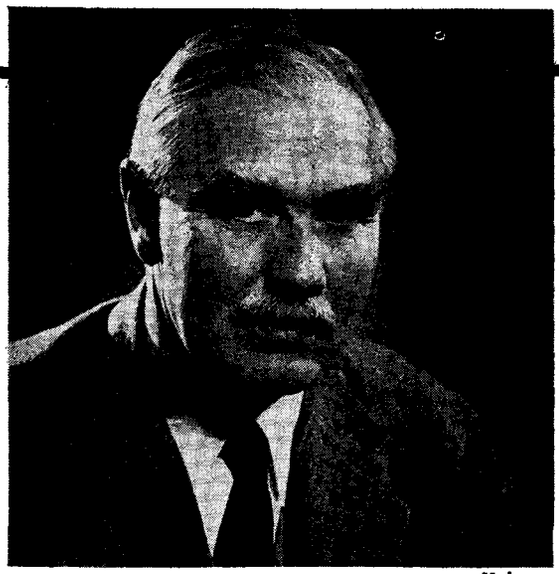
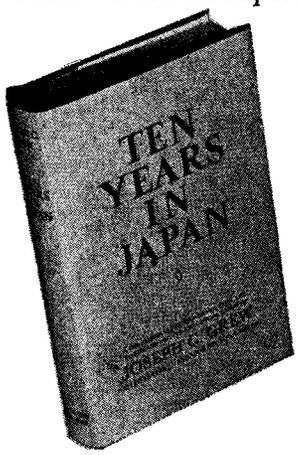


Halsman

Ambassador Grew's book will be published tomorrow. The first review to appear is reprinted below:

"AN AMERICAN would have the right to expect from Ambassador Grew an informed story of Japan as it moved inevitably, though slowly, to the final, swift-fanged thrust at Pearl Harbor. This book is more than that. The documents, letters, reports, and extracts from his diaries in his ten pre-war years at Tokyo, which he has put together to make a big book, might well have made a dull one. Instead, here in human as well as official terms is the best description of our adversary in the East which anyone has given since war began. The Ambassador has an exciting story to tell, sometimes a tough one; but he has not forgotten the five pleasant years which preceded the sinking of the U.S.S. *Panay*. His book records the humorous as well as the dramatic experiences in a personal history which was also an important passage in the history of the world. As one who had to deal directly with the malignancy of Japanese militarism, he can speak sympathetically to those many Japanese of gentleness and integrity who are, perhaps, its chief victims. A little deaf Ambassador Grew may have been, as he records, but he had eyes in Japan which missed very little and a mind which kept its American objectivity while his understanding of the Japanese increased. In revealing combination he has added statesmen to geisha girls, audiences with the Emperor to golf course conversations, dinner parties to assassinations, gossip to documents, to make one of the wisest and certainly one of the most interesting books about the Japanese as a people at peace and a people moving in violence to overwhelming war." —JONATHAN DANIELS
in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*



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